

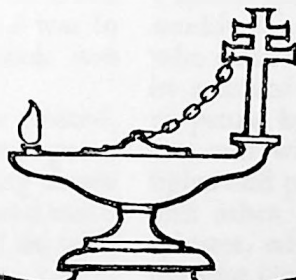
TOC H JOURNAL



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VOLUME XIV.



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TOC H IN ITS CRADLE

A story of the re-birth of Toc H which has hitherto escaped record. TUBBY produced it as 'Sparrow No. 1' (see August JOURNAL, p. 99) at the Digswell Park Conference on July 18.

MY eldest sister, Belle, was five feet square, if squareness is a measure for a lady. She had a great heart and she loved the poor, among whom, with a cross-grained obstinacy, she much preferred to live and have her being.

In ancient days when My Lord of Ely still had his London mansion in Ely place, Holborn, the greens for his high table, much frequented, were grown at a respectful distance in Ely Place, Hoxton. My sister, who was innocent of history, decided Ely Place down Hoxton way was full of life, both human and sub-human, and so she went and lived there for fifteen years. She also had a townish residence consisting of three rooms, none of them large enough to swing a kitten, at Red Lion Square. This was her mansion, which she sometimes used.

Into this mansion I repaired full often when my old home in London disappeared. When I came home on leave I met her there, and she insisted on my becoming horizontal, when time had to be wasted in mere sleep, upon her bed, while she moved to the sofa in the sitting-room. Into this microscopic habitat there welled up men from '15 till '19. Some found her out and traced her down to Hoxton; some found her in and got in with a shoe-horn, and everyone who came wrote down his name. When she died, and I was in New Zealand, that priceless book was thrown away as junk.

Into this flat I rolled, or rather twisted, my rotund person, still in uniform, upon a night in early March '19. I flung down a portmanteau filled with papers and said: "I wonder what on earth I shall do with all this!"

Thus was reborn Toc H that was to be,

in the completest state of inability, inconsequence, absurdity, good humour: just a crushed chaos of odd pencilled scraps which represented men I had known and loved, most of whom had not lived to be demobilised. I did not know who was alive, who dead. I stood confused, and pondered whether after all the words meant much. I ponder still. Paul gave it up, this puzzling about men whom he had known, where they might be by now, 'whether in the body or out of the body, I know not. God knows.' When friendships reach this stage what does it matter?

But I was glad to see my sister Belle. Without her ark where should we all have been? Legends abound to-day, some partly true, about the neighbouring flat she found for us in 1920, three doors off from hers but this flat was a palace by comparison, and was rented by five men. Belle's flat was just a doll's house with three doors, and only men who had learnt to squeeze themselves into the holes and corners of a trench found it a place where they could take their ease.

So it is really true that one old sister, who never learnt to spell, and never wearied and was always hopeful, and never thought about herself at all, was used within the mystery of God to exercise a tireless sponsorship towards innumerable muddy strangers who came to find a man who wasn't there, and then got caught up by a cup of tea into the purring song of a perpetual kettle on a gas-ring and all the arts and wiles of Piccadilly, and all the lights and pleasures of the town were dust and ashes by comparison with one old spinster, who just brewed their tea knowing that God intended in the future much to rely upon the men He brought. T.

FITNESS OF MIND

This article, written by a member of the Toc H staff for THE BOY, the organ of the National Association of Boys' Clubs, is reprinted here with kind permission of W. McG. Eagar, the Editor. Although addressed primarily to boys and those who have any guidance over young minds, we think it will stimulate interest and thought in many others in Toc H.

THE Romans had a saying that fit minds were found in fit bodies. Ronald Campbell says the same thing in last winter's number of *The Boy*. Speaking of any boy between 14 and 18, he says "'Brother Body' is his inseparable and most intimate companion and one which has the greatest influence on his *thoughts* for good or bad." Who indeed does not know the difficulty of thinking straight and of preserving a healthy attitude to everything and everyone around when 'Brother Body' is unfit? It is quite bad enough when he is out of sorts for a day or two. What must be the mental attitudes of those who keep him in a permanent state of sluggishness and feebleness is a subject on which it would not be pleasant to dwell.

A fit body then is the best foundation for a fit mind, but neither the Romans nor Ronald Campbell meant that fit bodies necessarily housed fit minds. There have always been, and there probably always will be, human oxen whose muscles "stand out like iron bands," whose agility, strength and endurance win them the applause of multitudes but who are 'dead from the neck upwards' all the same. This shows that games and generally all methods of physical development, though they are going to be necessary, will not by themselves be sufficient to give us fit minds. What else is needed? Before we try to answer this question, let us take a look at our opponents—the elements which work against the obtainment of fit minds. When about to play a match it is often a good thing to plan out

our tactics beforehand, taking into account the strong and weak points of our opponents.

Enemies to Fitness

In olden times people had some very interesting ideas about fitness. Strangely enough, they did also think of the enemies of fitness as various individuals composing a kind of team. Three of those individuals they called Sloth, Greed and Drunkenness. These are the enemies of physical fitness: but mental fitness depends on physical fitness, and spiritual fitness depends on them both, and so the three individuals mentioned are in reality the enemies of every kind of fitness. Others are Pride, Anger, Sensuality, Slander and Avarice. Perhaps these will mean more to us if we call them Swelled Head, Bad Temper, Slavery to Sex, 'Cattiness' and Stinginess. Maybe you will be inclined to say that these on the whole are the enemies of mental and spiritual fitness, but here again they are really enemies of every kind of fitness. Bad temper, for instance, not only blinds a man to the truth but exhausts him physically and may even make him ill. One of the most interesting features of this old idea, in fact, is that the struggle for fitness is not looked upon as three separate struggles, one physical, one mental, and one spiritual, but as a single big struggle between a man's highest aspirations and a 'team' of low-down things. That is a very true idea and we are only dividing the subject up into three so as to make it easier to handle. All the time we must remember

that it is in reality all one big subject—the biggest subject, in fact, that man has to deal with.

Now we will return to the statement that 'Brother Body' must be fit if mental fitness is going to be attained and to the question of what else is needed. It so happens that the means for making the body fit afford an excellent clue to the means of making the mind fit. If you feed the body and do not exercise, train and discipline it grows fat and flabby, sick and sluggish. Moreover, it requires food that has nutritive value, not too much at a time, occasional changes of diet and a number of other things which are all very like the requirements of the mind.

The mind, for instance, is fed by everything which it receives through the five senses. Some of this 'food' has nutritive value and some has not; but we have a certain power of choice by means of which we can not only refuse to swallow the bad mental food that we meet but can also make it a general habit to go to those people, places, books and so on where good food is to be found. I say that we have this power of choice, but have we? That is just the point.

Sloth the Sly Fiend

The flabby body knows that it will feel much better if it goes for a run or exerts itself in some way, but it cannot be bothered. The armchair is so comfortable. The air outside is cold. And then there's all the business of changing one's clothes. The flabby mind also knows that, on the rare occasions when it has exerted itself to think deeply about a subject or to learn something, it has as a result of that effort, felt braced, active and interested. But the flabby mind cannot be bothered either. The adventures of Thomas Thugbury, the great sleuth, are

so enthralling. The dictionary or textbook seems so dry. And then there's all the business of getting out books and pen and ink and thinking how far one got last time.

Now this is very odd in a way because, if there is anything of which we approve in Thomas Thugbury, the great sleuth, it is that all his accomplishments suggest a high degree of physical and mental fitness. Is he not strong and wiry? Does he not think quickly and clearly, exploring every possibility in his mind? Does he not reject plausible and tempting explanations? Even the flabbiest mind admires these high qualities and would like to possess them; but it never occurs to it that the very last way to possess them is by merely wallowing in Thugbury's adventures whilst 'Brother Body' sags in a chair like a half empty and badly packed kit-bag. It is strange that the flabby mind does not see this. We have already said that Anger makes a man blind to the Truth. Apparently Sloth does too.

It should by now be clear that the mind, as well as the body, needs exercise and discipline. This necessity must not be taken to mean that there is something wrong about a luxurious hot bath or a comfortable chair in front of a roaring fire. Nor must it be taken to mean that there is anything necessarily wrong in novels about sleuths, in films, in racing, in sensational news or in anything else that is entertaining without mental effort. All these things only become wrong in excess, or when they become the sole resources of a body or mind. Then they work just like alcoholic excess. The more drink, the more you seem to require and the less you fancy any other kind of activity. What is wrong nowadays is that there are so many attractive pastimes which require no mental effort and that so many people rely entirely on these pas-

times and absolutely neglect the things that do require effort. In the presence of so many 'mental armchairs' it is indeed difficult to go for 'mental runs.'

But we must go for 'mental runs.' We must have 'mental muscles' that work. We must cultivate, instead of allowing to rust, our power of choice between good and bad mental food. We must form the habit of seeking better food and having swallowed it, we must take more mental exercise to prevent its turning to mere mental fatness and intellectual pride (for Pride is another of the opponents that causes a man to be blind to the Truth: maybe Lot's wife, when she looked back at the sinful cities and saw them in flames, was proud of her better state and of the distance that she had put between herself and them: if a pillar of salt is blind she certainly became blind).

Where to go

You will ask how and where mental exercise can be taken. Never before have there been so many facilities for it and never before have they been so cheap, so near at hand and so easy to use. In the public libraries books and periodicals on every subject are waiting for you. In the museums are objects of scientific, artistic and antiquarian interest as well as curators who are only too glad to give information to anyone who shows any curiosity. Modern publishers produce the best novels of every period at an amazingly low price and second-hand copies may be picked up for a few pence. Theatres may not be quite so cheap on the whole as cinemas, but a good play is one of the best kinds of mental food. And what of the talks given over the wireless and the debating circles in clubs which sometimes discuss those talks? What of play-reading circles? And lastly there are the newspapers, but

you must use these intelligently, for though they will tell you about the important current events and give various views about these, you must not swallow everything they tell you — especially the views—as Gospel truth. Also much of what they put before you in their largest and thickest type is not important at all and is merely bad mental food. Different newspapers give different interpretations of events. They also make adjustments of the events to suit their own interpretations. In order not to get led astray and become mere sheep—and a prejudiced one at that—a good plan is to keep your eye on two newspapers with opposite points-of-view.

Newspaper refuse

But what of the things which are not important at all and merely bad mental food? These are crimes, accidents and horrors of every sort. In most of us there is a certain amount of unhealthy curiosity about such unpleasant things which is quite distinct from the desire to know about them with a view to avoiding them. This curiosity really comes under the same heading as the sensations which we have already compared to alcoholic drinks. We must on no account let it grow to a disproportionate size by allowing it always to batten on the refuse that the newspapers serve up. But it is interesting to ask ourselves why the newspapers serve up so much of this refuse. Is it because the journalists themselves are a race of men that like refuse better than anything else? No; that is not the reason, because every day they produce the most interesting articles about scientific inventions, art, natural history, beautiful villages, objects of antiquity, astronomy and many other subjects. Again then why so much refuse?

The answer is that they think that you

and I want refuse, and that the details about an accident or a murder are far preferable in our eyes to any number of discoveries about the universe, the atom or our forefathers. They seem to have a pretty poor opinion of us, in fact, and we can hardly blame them, for we do not give them much cause to suppose that we like better things. When there is a big popular desire for better things in any direction, you know what happens. Meetings are held, speeches made, committees formed, articles and pamphlets written, protests drafted, signatures collected, the chief offenders boycotted—in fact concern is shown. The most trivial subjects sometimes receive all this attention and even more, but the journalists' opinion of us—as people who prefer refuse—and their acting accordingly, receives no such attention. It is placidly accepted. More than that, too many of us, having the refuse put before us, lap it up eagerly. "Give a dog a bad name and hang him." We seem to have got a rotten name and if we are not careful this will cause us permanently to deserve it. If, instead, we could be mentally fit enough to deserve a better name and better stuff, we should in time get it.

The Mental Sieve

A friend of mine writes: "The intellect should be the public's sieve before it swallows anything." Nothing could be more appropriate than his idea of a sieve. A sieve has a wide rim to receive as much material as possible and it also has a mesh through which only the finer stuff can pass. We must keep our sieve in good order. We must preserve both its characteristics, the wide rim into which information of all kinds can be received and also the mesh which will prevent rubbish from entering our mental system to poison us.

If we refuse to listen to 'the other

side's' arguments, then we may be said to be allowing the rim of the sieve to be covered with thick cobwebs; in other words we have become fixed, intolerant and narrow-minded. At some recent political meetings, the speakers, who did not belong to the same party as the bulk of the audience, were not allowed to utter a single sentence. The 'audience' had come, not to be an audience—which means listeners—but to make a beastly noise. We may say that they had no sense of fair play and one may say many other things about them, but the outstanding thing about them must have been mental unfitness. We are lucky enough in this country to have a say in government. This is a subject of extreme complexity. It requires, from every citizen who is not disabled by some form of lunacy, much thought, much discrimination, much willingness to collect facts and arguments from all sides, much mental fitness. Mental fitness is one of the responsibilities that we must assume in return for the privilege of belonging to a free country. And yet some of us already prefer to sink to the status of lunatics who scream but do not think. Some of us prefer to hear our own voices and our own 'wit' rather than listen to a reasoned statement by a man of experience from whom, however wrong he may be, we should be bound to learn something. Is this an indication of the fate that will overtake our democracy, our freedom and our fair play? Is it to be screaming hooligans or intelligent citizens? This will depend on our mental fitness.

At the same time we must not let the mesh of our sieve get broken. If that happens we shall become so 'broad-minded' that we shall not have minds, properly speaking, at all. Then we shall swallow every suggestion that may be presented to us. Any unscrupulous editor

will be able to persuade us into stupidity, destruction, blasphemy, riots, wars or any other form of savagery. And their persuasions will not have to be very subtle. A few headlines such as 'Our righteous cause,' 'Progress,' and 'The Divine Will,' will be quite sufficient to do the trick and we shall all strut into chaos and hell, our bosoms swelling with pious intentions and imaginary righteousness. A fit mind can distinguish between true and false, right and wrong, important and unimportant even when someone has carefully dressed them up and called them by the names of their opposites. And, incidentally, seeing the enormous contrasts between important and unimportant and between the other opposites as well, and seeing also the absurdity of small things and people masquerading as big ones, the fit mind will have plenty to laugh at. In other words, it will have a sense of humour.

Fitness for Parents

The results of unfit minds are very numerous and undesirable. One of the commonest accompaniments of an unfit mind is the idea that it is perfectly fit, that it does not need to learn anything more and that, even if it did, it could do so without difficulty.

For the rest we will confine ourselves to one more aspect only. Some day we may be parents. What are we going to hand on to our children? What are we going to be to them? I recently had a meal at a place by the river. At the next table were a mother and father and a child of about seven. The river was a broad expanse of water rippling in the breeze and lit by the sun. It was spanned by a solemn old bridge of grey stone. Never had the child seen anything like this before. He was full of emotion and wonder. "Oh, Daddy, look!" he said, "do look!" But Daddy was munching

a dumpling, and Daddy was not the least interested in anything else except the average speed at which they had come from London. He was irritated by the child—stupid little brat—and would not even pretend to be interested. He sat dreaming of m.p.h., m.p.g., o.h.v., 'nice little jobs,' 'good propositions for the money' and dumplings. The child might just as well have had a large dumpling for a father.

Most of us have a sneaking feeling that the world around us is crammed full of interest and beauty. And so it must be, but only for those who 'go into training' mentally. Without this all that we shall see in this miraculous life will be drudgery, meals, bed, transport, clothing and taxes: and our only stimulants will be 'alcoholic' stimulants—those seductive, ready-made thrills in which we now see such a boom. And this is all we shall have to hand on to our children, the freshness of whose minds will irritate us and cause us to regard their education merely as a process of making them as dull and blind as ourselves.

To sum up, the more we use our minds, the more alive, interested and capable they will become, the greater will be our power of distinguishing between true and false and the better we shall be both as citizens and as parents. It does not matter within reason what sphere of mental activity we choose. It may be anything from economics to orchestras. Nor does it much matter how 'learned' we become. Many, through additional years of education, have amassed mountains of information, but they are not necessarily any the better for it. They get into a kind of blind alley. They become no more than walking dictionaries, human text-books. That is not mental fitness. Knowledge is not wisdom. Mental fitness is actually more within your reach than it is within that of the very learned.

LEGISLATION AND THE NATIVE

THE Dominion Parliament of South Africa has this year passed into law two important Bills. They are: (1) The Representation of the Native Act, and (2) The Native Land Act. To the ordinary reader of the JOURNAL in England, who is shut in by his own immense problems, these Bills may appear remote and possibly irrelevant. In a sense this may be true. On the other hand, it must, one thinks, be of interest, so far as Toc H is concerned, for English members to know, if only in brief outline, something of the problems which are facing the structure of Toc H in other parts of the world.

Toc H in South Africa is a young body functioning in a large and vigorous Dominion which is now in full process of laying down the foundation of its social integrity as a nation. This integrity has to be welded together out of a racial problem which is not single but triple in its aspect. It embraces three relationships which have to be solved: that of white to white; that of white man to native; that of white and native to coloured population. The average Englishman has naturally little conception of how vast and thorny to the grasp these problems are. The first of these we leave to time, goodwill and intelligent understanding and perseverance to conquer. The others in the papers which follow, are treated from the historical point of view.

The *Compass* last year thought fit to publish four short and extremely interesting articles upon the native question. The passage of the two Bills into law is an important step in the future development of the Dominion. The South African pilgrimage party to the Festival spent a long session about it at one of their meetings on the voyage over. They know that the political issues at stake might well

affect in practice, if not in principle, any Toc H attitude upon the colour question in its relation to a Christian Family view of society. The time is not yet, and certainly not at this moment, to open discussion or dogmatize upon that issue, but any one who has read Tubby's article in the JOURNAL for February, 1929, and Eric Tucker's essay in *A Birthday Book*, will realize that Toc H members are not afraid to face facts. "We must content ourselves," wrote Tubby, "with pushing forward step by step along the road of understanding. To ignore animosities and divergences, differences of creed, as caste and culture and of colour; to say these things are not when they most plainly are, is to deny the evidence of our senses, and to give no scope to the wisdom He has set within us for the gradual guidance of men's minds towards the common goal. The one mistake, it seems to me, is to establish anywhere a negative proposition as binding upon a Christian society. The society may be forced to act for the time being within the limits of one racial group; but it must ever preserve at its heart the longing to extend to others."

Christian understanding is the first need. Its correlation to practical politics, which the world to-day knows to its cost, is something other. But politics is largely the science of social action, and action can only be founded upon knowledge. Upon the principle, what we do to-day to a man depends largely upon what father did to him yesterday.

This preamble is not an essay upon Toc H and the problem of colour, but an introduction to the four following articles which J. D. RHEINALLT JONES contributed to the *Compass*. He is Adviser to the South African Institute of Race Relations and a general member of Toc H.

I—Background to the Proposals.

“The Representation of Natives Bill and the South African Native Trust and Land Bill are to be the means whereby the policy of the *political and territorial segregation of black and white in the Union* is to be carried to its logical conclusion.

This is a tremendous undertaking. So great is it that, if it is to be carried through, our minds should be fully assured of its wisdom. The Bills will affect profoundly the political structure of our country, its economic foundations and its racial relationships. The Land Bill alone will directly and closely affect the lives of the three million natives who are now living outside the Reserves, and may cause the uprooting of about half that number. The Bills raise in a most challenging form issues which a hundred years ago contributed greatly to the Great Trek.

The issues raised by these Bills are:—

(1) Has the native any right to share in the privileges of citizenship?

(2) Should the native people be separated from the white race by being driven back into the native areas (with some extension of these areas to accommodate the additional population), and treated as aliens outside these areas? In short, should the native population be regarded as outside the white man's political and economic system?

This is no new idea. It goes back in South African history to the days of Van Riebeeck, who received instructions from the Dutch East India Company to observe a policy of segregation in respect of the Hottentots, who occupied Table Valley. Even to the close of Company rule at the end of the 18th century, when the Hottentots and the Colonists had become hopelessly inter-mingled, the Hottentots were regarded as outside the law and treated as a separate people. Although the Hotten-

tots were dependent upon the Europeans as servants or wandering labourers, the law did not recognise them, and they had no recognised right to hold land.

The gap between the theory of segregation and the fact of inter-dependence had led to grave abuses. These were recognised by the British Government, when it first took over the Cape in 1795, by the Batavian Government between 1803 and 1806, and again by the British Government when it finally assumed control in 1806. These abuses led missionaries and philanthropists to espouse the cause of the Hottentots as against that of the Colonists. The missionaries were imbued with the religious zeal of the Evangelical Revival, which so profoundly influenced Britain and Germany; and the philanthropists were either ardent supporters of the religious movement or had been influenced by the teachings of the French Revolution. Both missionaries and philanthropists believed fervently in the potential capabilities of the Hottentots and all the children of colour as rational and civilised beings, who, if not then the equal of white men were capable of becoming so, and were then and there entitled to equal treatment before the law and in the political and economic life, if not indeed in the social life of the country. Such views shocked a people who for 150 years had been used to a slave society in which the superior status and authority of the white man had been unquestioned. The Administration was torn between the two sides, because the governing class came from England, and often India, with strong views on the privileges of the aristocracy, and of the rulers as in India; and yet were in many cases greatly influenced by the religious revival of the times. Certainly in England, where the South

African controversies were discussed and dealt with, the missionaries and philanthropists had powerful supporters.

"The Hottentot Code"

In 1828 the struggle yielded a sweeping victory for the missionaries and philanthropists by the promulgation of the Fiftieth Ordinance (often spoken of as "The Hottentot Code"), by which "Hottentots and other free persons of colour" were assured civil rights and the right to ownership of land. This was followed in 1834 by the emancipation of the slaves. Thus, the uncertain status and legal disabilities of the Hottentots and the unquestioned subjection of the slaves gave place to their assured legal rights, with personal and

economic liberty. Such a swift change had to bring with it many serious difficulties and even evils. As happened in the Southern States of America on the emancipation of the slaves thirty years later, the new freedom for the coloured often led to the whites being placed in a humiliating position. As an historian has said, "Undoubtedly the social revolution brought about by emancipation so soon after the passing of the Fiftieth Ordinance had shocked the Boer's pride of race." The effects of that shock are still with us in the hostility towards missionaries and philanthropists and in the grim determination to permit no approach on the part of the non-European races towards social or political equality."

II.—Evolution of Legislation

"'Had there been no land available,' says Professor Walker in his *History of South Africa*, 'outside the Colony, there might have been a rebellion. . . . As it was the Boers trekked.'" Anna Steenkamp, one of the most ardent spirits among the Voortrekkers, wrote that they trekked not so much because they "opposed the freedom of slaves, as that they objected to Hottentots and ex-slaves being placed on an equality with white Christians, contrary to the laws of God." "We withdraw," she said, "in order to preserve our doctrines in purity." Retief, the Voortrekker leader, said: "We are resolved that we will uphold the just principles of liberty; but whilst we will take care that no one shall be held in a state of slavery, it is our determination to maintain such regulations as may suppress crime and preserve proper relations between master and servant." It was unthinkable that White and Black should be found in the same territory except as master and servant. Most, if not all, of the Voortrekkers were accompanied by Hottentot, or

ex-slave, or even Bantu servants, who were devotedly attached to their masters.

The Great Trek removed a great part of the active opposition to the victorious policy, so that, when, in 1850, the people of the Cape Colony were given permission to draft a parliamentary constitution, they themselves deliberately framed a form of franchise which contained no colour bar. This was accepted by all parties, and in 1852, this franchise was embodied in the new constitution of the Cape Colony, and has, in principle, at any rate, remained to this day.

Provincial Policies

In the meantime, there had been developments in the north. The trekkers had, at Thaba 'Nchu in 1836, adopted a constitution based upon the will of the white adult males of the party. The short-lived Voortrekker Republic of Natal had, in 1838, adopted a constitution, also based on adult white male suffrage. Later, in 1854, the Free State Republic adopted a constitution which limited the suffrage to

white male adults, and, in 1856, the new Transvaal Republic went a step further by laying down in its constitution that equality between White and Black in Church or State was not to be tolerated. On the other hand, in the same year, Natal was given a Crown Colony Charter by Queen Victoria which established a legislative Council to which members were to be elected on a low franchise which took no account of colour, while the Queen's proclamation of 1843, viz., "there shall not be in the eye of the law any distinction or disqualification whatever founded upon mere distinction of colour, origin, language, or creed, but the protection of the law in letter and in substance shall be extended impartially to all alike," underpinned the constitution. Nevertheless, in 1893, when Natal was granted responsible government, the franchise was restricted in such a way that natives and Asiatics have since been excluded, although coloured persons are enfranchised.

Political Superiority

In the National Convention of 1909, the colour question nearly wrecked all hopes of Union, but a compromise was reached by which the existing franchise of each Colony was retained, while the admission of non-Europeans into Parliament was

barred, even for the Cape.

In 1930, the franchise was granted to all European adult females throughout the Union, and in 1931, it was extended to all European male adults. In these ways, the European vote was more than doubled. These significant changes have resulted in the enfranchisement of nearly 900,000 whites as against 37,000 non-Europeans, of whom 10,000 are natives. Thus the political superiority of the white population has been ensured for the present, but the Representation of Natives Bill proposes to ensure this for all time by preventing the registration of any further natives as ordinary voters, while giving natives throughout the Union representation in the Senate, by means of four elected European senators, and setting up a special Advisory Council to consist of natives and a few European officials.

But this Bill must also be considered with the Land Bill, because both together are designed to prevent any equal political and economic status for the native in, what is considered to be, a white state. The "right" to own or hold land without restriction, which was embodied in the Hottentot Code, is not admitted nor has it ever been admitted by the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. This calls for a little more history."

III.—The Native Land Situation

"The extent to which natives may hold land must be considered in two ways, (i) their right to *ownership* (tribal or private), (ii) their right to *occupation*.

Until 1913 the position of natives as to *ownership* was as follows:—In the Cape, no legal bar existed to the acquisition of land by natives. In Natal, no bar existed, except in certain townships in Natal. In the Transvaal, although in Republican days it was thought that natives could

only buy land through and in the name of the Native Location Commission, the Transvaal Supreme Court in 1905, in the case of *ex parte* Tsewu established the right of individual natives to purchase land in their own name. In the Orange Free State, natives were debarred from buying land, except in the Moroka Ward (Thaba 'Nchu district) which was annexed by the O.F.S. Republic in 1884, and in which, under a proclamation, natives were

only to dispose of land to members of their own immediate families.

There were in all Provinces tracts of land held by native tribes either under communal tenure or (in the Eastern Province and Transkei) under a form of individual quit rent tenure. These reserves were held under various titles, and, in many cases, the areas had been reduced by confiscation for rebellion or otherwise to establish European townships or farms, and by concessions made to Europeans by native chiefs.

The 1913 Land Act

In 1913 a law was passed, the Natives Land Act, to prevent unauthorised transactions in land between Europeans and natives. This was passed in response to protests from farmers in the northern Provinces, who complained that natives, as tribes and individuals, were buying up too much land. The Act prohibited the purchase or lease of land by natives except with the special permission of the Governor-General and except in areas scheduled to the Act as native areas, in which Europeans also would not be permitted (except with the special permission of the Governor-General) to buy or lease land from natives, and thus for the first time the native reserves were clearly demarcated. Their total extent (with a few small additions since 1913) is 10,430,290 morgen, out of nearly 143,000,000 morgen, the total area of the Union. Thus since 1913 natives have only purchased land outside these native areas by special permission of the Governor-General, except in the Cape Province, where the Courts held the Land Act to be *ultra vires* because it infringed franchise rights, and had not been passed in accordance with the requirements of the Act of Union in such a case.

The Land Act, however, recognised that, if natives were to be restricted in this

way, the native areas were not adequate for their needs, and made provision for the setting aside of further areas for native occupation—either by purchase or by lease, but so far it has not been carried into law. The situation has been relieved, however, by administrative actions. Using the proviso “except with the special permission of the Governor-General,” the Government has, since 1918, permitted (and has assisted financially) natives, tribally and otherwise, to acquire land outside the scheduled native areas, on condition that the land was contiguous to an existing native area or had been recommended for the purpose. Thus it is that a considerable amount of land has been bought by, or for, natives since 1913.

The New Proposals

The new Land Bill proposes to ‘release’ a maximum total of seven and a quarter million morgen of land which may be purchased for native occupation. How much of this land is already owned by natives is not known, and the South African Institute of Race Relations is endeavouring to ascertain this by a careful search of the records. Areas already studied show very extensive native ownership.

The Land Bill sets up a South African Native Trust for the purchase of land for native occupation and for native welfare. Parliament is to be asked to vote monies for the purpose from time to time and there are other sources of revenue set aside. What actual resources the Trust will have it is, at the moment, impossible to prophesy.

There are many interesting and valuable and some very controversial, features of this Bill, and an impartial description and analysis of the Bill will be found in *Race Relations* for August, 1935 (journal of the S.A. Institute of Race Relations).

One purpose of the Land Bill, then, is to carry out the promise of more land for

natives contained in the Natives Land Act of 1913. General Botha in the past tried twice to persuade Parliament to agree to additional areas, but had to accept defeat, because of the pressure of vested interests.

On this occasion the Select Committee, which drafted the Bill, hoped to secure its passage into law by "gilding the pill" in the following ways: (1) By inserting stringent clauses controlling natives on European farms and ensuring that they may only remain under controlled conditions; (2) By linking to the Land Bill the Natives Representation Bill, section one of which proposes to prohibit any more natives from becoming ordinary parliamentary voters in the Cape; and (3) By introducing a Bill to eject "surplus" natives from the towns

and to control their entry there. The Select Committee hoped that native opposition to these concessions to European opinion would be assuaged by the release of the additional areas, and by the new forms of native political representation proposed in the Representation of Natives Bill.

But the conferences of native chiefs and other leaders, which were held by the Government to consider the Bills, have, however, shown clearly that the natives reject the Bills as "Greek gifts," and that they distrust both the gifts and the givers. This reveals a serious racial situation, which cannot be ignored. To understand it we must consider the provisions in the Bills to which natives object.

IV.—United Opposition

"In January, 1936, the Native Bills were discussed by a conference of 400 of the leading natives of the Union assembled at Bloemfontein, and the Press reports indicated that the delegates were practically unanimous in rejecting the "Greek gifts." Why is this?

They were, above all, determined in their opposition to the abolition of the right which natives have in the Cape Province of qualifying for the vote. There, unlike the white male and female over 21 years of age throughout the Union, the non-European male must, in order to qualify for the vote, either occupy property to the value of £75 for not less than twelve months prior to registration, or earn wages at the rate of not less than £50 for not less than twelve months previous to the date of registration with a break of not more than one month, and be able to read and write his own name, address and occupation. The vast majority of natives cannot qualify because they hold

land either tribally or under a system of quit-rent tenure, and while they till the soil, their annual income cannot be assessed in terms of cash. Besides, in recent years special steps have been taken to ascertain whether native applicants for the vote have worked continuously for the previous twelve months. The depression and the operation of the white labour policy have combined to disqualify a great many.

In one way or another, the number of native voters has dropped from 16,480 in 1927 to 10,777 in 1933. With the doubling of the white vote, through the introduction of women's franchise and adult suffrage, and Provincial, directly affecting natives, and the minimising of the native vote by the registration officers, the native vote to-day is only 2.7 per cent. of the Cape electorate and 1.2 per cent. of the Union electorate. But to the educated native at least, the vote is the symbol of manhood, and a recognition of citizenship. Hence,

to the astonishment of the supporters of the Native Bills, native chiefs and commoners, educated and uneducated, throughout the Union are solid in opposition to the proposal to abolish the native vote. The tempting bait of the possibility of additional land did not turn them from their determination to resist the Bills as a whole if the proposal were retained.

Valuable Proposals "Suspect"

The Representation of Natives Bill creates a Native Council to which will be referred all legislative proposals, both Union and Provincial, directly affecting natives, and which will also be free to express itself, on its own initiative, on any matters concerning native interests. The method for the election of the members of this Council—through electoral colleges consisting of chiefs, headmen, members of rural local councils and urban advisory boards—has been severely criticised, and could, no doubt, be made much more simple and direct. Generally speaking, the educated native has been overlooked. The Council could, however, be made a valuable instrument for educating native chiefs and leaders in the problems of their own people, and in methods of dealing with them; at the same time Parliament would learn—as the permanent Native Affairs Commission has failed to tell it, notwithstanding the means and power the Commission has possessed for the purpose—what the native population thinks and feels on important matters.

This proposed Council, however, also became suspect as a poisoned gift. The proposal, now law, to allow the electoral college to elect four Europeans to represent native interests in the Senate was also ignored.

Thus the products of nine years of the secret and sustained labours of the picked brains of Parliament would have been summarily rejected by the whole of the

native population whom they were designed to benefit. They would have been rejected for one reason only—the insistence upon the abolition of the Cape native franchise right as a primary condition for the benefits to be secured. If passed into law, with the Cape franchise right abolished, the law would have been enacted in the teeth of the united opposition of three-fourths of the country's population.

At the eleventh hour a 'compromise' between the Prime Minister and a large section of members brought about a major amendment. As the Representation of Natives Act is claimed by one of its chief exponents, Mr. Heaton Nicholls, to be "based upon the necessary existence of native institutions; chiefs and tribal councils in the predominantly tribal areas, such as Natal and Zululand; local and divisional councils such as exist in parts of the Transvaal and the Ciskei; urban advisory councils; and the Transkeian Bunga, where there is all the machinery necessary for local self-government adopted to native usage and custom operating in the atmosphere of native communalism. . . ." the Act as finally passed uses these communal or tribal bodies (which are in practice benevolent autocracies) as the voting unit instead of individuals. It provides for the retention of approximately 10,700 native voters in the Cape who are placed upon a separate roll, voting in three separate divisions to elect three European members of the Assembly to represent their interests.

Generally speaking, it can be said without controversy that the Act has not wholly satisfied anybody: in particular the natives and their friends regard the "compromise" as no compromise at all because the native leaders themselves refuse to be a party to it. They held out till the last for more liberal treatment.

This is a grave matter, and one which calls for the closest attention of every member of Toc H. Opinions differ honestly on the merits of the Bills, but the most ardent supporter of the Bills must ask himself whether the psychological

storm which the Bills are raising among the native people does not threaten the country with a dangerous racial situation. Here, clearly, the points of the Compass must be used, so that the Ship of State may not founder in racial gale."

THE LEPER CAMPAIGN

ON July 4th, 1935, the first fruits of the Leper Campaign, which had been Tubby's vision after his West African Tour in 1933, was a small but gallant band of Toc H volunteers who sailed for work in Leper Colonies on that day. A year and more has gone by. From time to time news of those first men has trickled through into the pages of the JOURNAL, to show that the work has been hard; at moments, one imagines, desperately hard. But the need of it is so urgent and its purpose so unquestionably fine that it steadily, although slowly, progresses. If anyone should have doubts, as some doubt the purpose of Christian Missions, the recent report of Dr. Muir, the medical and General Secretary of the B.E.L.R.A., now returned from an extensive tour of West Africa, ought to clear his mind and assure him that the scheme is meeting with success. He sums up his report upon the volunteers of last year by saying "I think that every one of the five men is doing excellent work in his own way." As a practical corollary upon this success two more men have just gone out to take over the work of two who will return shortly on leave.

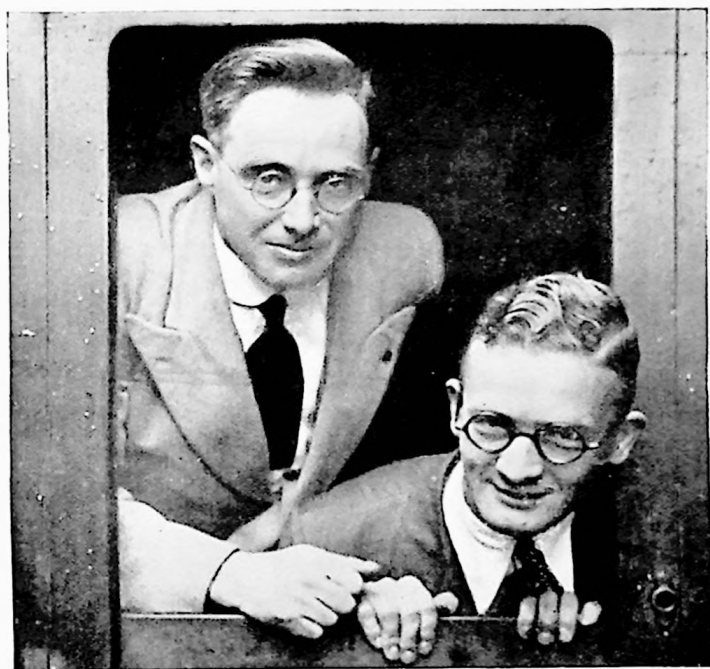
Leprosy is a social evil as much as Unemployment or Overcrowding in poor districts here at home. Like these other evils it has more than its medical aspect. Medical treatment is no doubt the largest part of the remedy, but the general conditions of the people who are or who may become lepers is as important. "There-

fore," wrote Tubby in the JOURNAL of August, 1935, "it is vitally important that each and every Leper Colony should be provided with a white welfare officer, whose function is towards building up games and teams and music, and new interests, the school, the Church, and everything which brings the voice of joy and health into a place which otherwise is naturally repulsive. It is to work of this peculiar character that our men go when posted to a Colony." It is a work which one feels confident Englishmen can and will carry through as the need is presented to them. There is already the tradition of a year and a half's experience showing what can be done behind it. There is so much more to do.

Some Letters Home

Extracts from some recent letters of three of the men already out on the Campaign may give a further picture of the Job in action.

"We must admit the work is being blessed. We shall not see very much for a long time, but later on I see no reason why such treatment as will remove the active symptoms of Leprosy should not be given here. During the whole time this place has been a refuge for lepers, no one has ever been discharged; what a fine thing it will be when we can begin to think of that. It will come in time, in a few years. I am working for the future. The reputation of a Colony does not get broadcast in a day. Most of the people who come at present are too far gone for treatment. They come because their relatives have kicked them



Top left: The Leper Settlement, Kano, when the Toc H man arrived. *Bottom left:* the same after he had helped to tidy it up.

Top right: His new house, built by himself and lepers. *Bottom right:* His old house wrecked by a storm. *Centre:* H. J. Hockley (general member, standing) and J. C. Stacey leaving London on August 12, to relieve Norman Crayford at Katsina and William Lambert at Kano respectively.

ALL HALLOWS PORCHROOM BYWARD STREET. LONDON. EC3
OPPOSITE MARK LANE STATION



Telephone
ROYAL 3333
Telegraphic Address
CLAYTONS BELLGATE
LONDON

From the
REV. F. B. CLAYTON
Pastor of St. Mark's Church, London
By the Editor
Founder of the H.

"
God's been good to me
—

One night last winter, in the Mediterranean Fleet,
on A.B. when I scarcely knew, Tapped softly at
the door of my bidge-cabin in a destroyer that was
come right in

He was an old-tid man, coarse-worn and red-faced.
Told "what is it?" rather grumpily. Asked
"Is isn't read," and held out humbly a his scribbly
note. "It's something for the Leper, to help Tor H
to help them. God's been good to me."
He went almost before I could reply. He was here
now to shut himself away, but God will surely
mark the seasons here.
Tally.

Mallam Mahomed Agai-
Katsina Leper Camp.

Dear Gentlemen of Tor H.

I hope this few lines of mine will
find the noble gentlemen in good condition of health. We
are giving our best salutations to those gentlemen
we are glad now to have a white man
to help us. Few of years ago since camp was
built but it never looked good and clean as it is now.
Lepers themselves are now very pleased to have a
white man with them although at first they were
afraid of what the white man would do to
them.

He is always kind to us, he is always
busy and always ready being is best to help
the poor leper. During the times he came
up to the present time we of course are sure
that the camp worth having a white man
living with them. Because everything in camp
is much better than before.

many thanks to those gentlemen and
kind Europeans who send such a white man
to help we leper.

I have the honour
to be sir
yours

M. Moh. Agai

Left: A letter from a Leper Mallam (teacher) who dictated it to Norman Crayford's cook, who wrote it.
Right: A story by 'Tubby' from the Mediterranean Fleet.

out and for them this is their last refuge. They come here to die. We have got to try to change that outlook. It is a pity we have to return home at all in a way. The thing that people most need is friendly human understanding, someone who feels with them. It is not so much a matter of brain as of heart. The man in a Leper Camp without a big sympathy will soon weary. He needs to be very keen about detail. Indeed the work is all trivial details.

"This week saw the completion of one of our new buildings. To-day we began a small hospital; a small office and lab. for simple tests will follow. I hope to see all done before the rains. I have even got some labourers working on my future garden. One difficulty is the fact that out of 300 lepers only 15 can do work, and I am the only non-leper on the Staff. Even my Mallam, who is one of the very best and with whom I feel much in common is seldom really fit. Had we not taken a mutual liking a different story might be told. He controls the opinion of the people, put his back up and it would be hard going. Fortunately the opposite applies too. I see very little of other Europeans and often his company walking or riding is the only thing which keeps me from being completely alone. There is no one else within a mile of him mentally. That brings out an interesting point. These people are often very clever but they lack initiative and push, due to the climate, more than likely. That is where the European is very useful. The petrol in the engine kind of thing."

(N. CRAYFORD, *Katsina*).

"The petrol in the Engine" supplies power in this work for more than a medical treatment of Leprosy. The power is, of course, not always acceptable to the native. Behaviour in an English village, we know, is hard enough to change: social habit no doubt being above all the most in-bitten graft upon life. Among the leper natives the task is more difficult when it

comes to tackle additional ways of livelihood.

"The natives are still very clannish. The neighbouring tribes are each very keen to work for a European, but each tribe thinks only itself is good and all its neighbours are bad The farming of the land is occupying a lot of my time; a very good foreman gives me a lot of advice and sees I do not make too big a fool of myself. These fellows are very conservative in their farming and are very sceptical when I advocate a change of policy. Before everything they all burn the bush *in situ*. I imagine the land has been burnt so long that a change to green manure would do it good. I am sure they think I am missing in the top storey, but they are too polite to say so.

"I have had a very interesting time going round to the neighbouring villages to buy seed-yams. In these villages one sees the terrible conditions in which the natives live. On the whole they are not too dirty, but the number of foul sores and ulcers inadequately treated makes one realise the urgent need for medical aid."

(LEN PARKER, *Onitsha, S. Nigeria*).

A short letter from BILL LAMBERT at *Kano* shows, in spite of difficulties, what can be done in eight months.

"Two roads built and the bush cleared. Three incinerators built. Lepers trained as nurses. These weave all our bandages on a native loom spun with a distaff and spindle to make the yarns. A school started and a few now read simple hygiene. Twenty acres of bush reclaimed and a revolution started. I am the first to introduce into the district a cultivator and plough. I have started mixed farming. When I came here there was no treatment centre built and only a few patients; now we have over a 100, and one has been discharged apparently cured. Treatment is well on the way and patients are getting better and the people here are delightful folk. But everything is very primitive. We have a potter making pots for the lepers and a blacksmith who makes knives,

scissors and arrow heads for shooting. There is a very nice spirit prevailing."

The Future

So far so much. But what of the future of the Leper Scheme? Dr. Muir's report stresses the need for more men and instances particularly for three in Sierra Leone. Such men are available and are longing to go. But funds for their maintenance, yet, are not. It is the usual situation of a great work which relies mainly upon voluntary support and the self-denial of those who see the worth-whileness of Leper clearance from the whole world.

"During my visit to the West African colonies," writes Dr. Muir, "and especially to Sierra Leone, a new field of usefulness suggested itself. In Sierra Leone they have practically no money available for leprosy work, and are not likely to have for a few years to come. On the other hand, several of the paramount Chiefs are showing great interest in the possibility of controlling leprosy by removing the cases of leprosy within their chiefdom and settling them in separate villages, so that they will not mix with others. This is an excellent scheme as self help is always better than what is done from outside, provided it is efficient.

"In order to have this scheme carried out properly I consider that men of somewhat similar type to those who have been sent out, but with a much fuller training, could do excellent work. They would work alongside of these Chiefs, some of whom are well educated men, and help them in diagnosing cases and treating them, and in establishing these villages along proper lines. The chief difficulty in these tribal leper villages would be the isolation of young children from their parents, a most important piece of work, otherwise the children are likely to contract the disease and pass it on to the next generation. These lay workers could, I consider, be very usefully employed in this

work. We could place three of them at once in Sierra Leone alone. I consider, therefore, that there is in West Africa alone a large sphere for well-trained intelligent and keen lay workers in leprosy. From what I have heard I have but little doubt that there is also an opening for them in other parts of Africa as well, and this opinion of mine is fully confirmed by men like Sir Walter Johnson, the Director of Medical & Sanitary Services, Lagos, who has reported very favourably on the work of the five men at present in Nigeria. I discussed the whole question with the present Director of Medical Services, and with Mr. Sango Davies, an African member of the Legislative Council, as well as with some of the medical officers. They are all keen on this type of work."

During the last few months the finance question has caused a change in the former organisation of Toc H—B.E.L.R.A. The special Committee that was formed at Tubby's instigation to go into the question of raising funds and to go into the question of volunteers is now absorbed into B.E.L.R.A., but this association naturally looks to Toc H for help in the near future. This help is already being given, many are alive to the need for making a reality of Tubby's vision, but it is still essential for the success of the scheme that Toc H in every part of the country should help. An exploration of the means of help is not intended to be an added burden upon the shoulders of the Jobmaster, but any aid given on behalf of Leprosy Relief should be taken seriously on account of the very exacting service which leprosy requires. There are many ways in which to give such aid. Information can be had from the British Empire Leprosy Relief Association Headquarters, 131, Baker Street, London, W.1. where the Secretary will be only too glad to offer advice. We hope this further appeal will have an added response.

CAUSES OF FAILURE?

I. A Paradox

The following article is borrowed, somewhat abridged and with grateful acknowledgment, from the typed Toc H British Columbia News Sheet, Vol. 1, No. 2, May, 1936. The writer, Jack Hammett, begins by expressing the indebtedness of Western Canada to Padre Michael Coleman, "who gave us the map, put up the signposts, outlined the route and set Toc H in British Columbia on the right road." He goes on:—

IT is of earnestness and energy in Toc H that I would write, for, paradoxical though it may seem, I am fully convinced that the energy and earnestness without which we can never succeed, may also occasion our failure.

Why have Units that at one time seemed so thoroughly sound, finally met with failure? The possible reasons that one can name can really be divided into two main categories:

- (1) Those that failed through lack of interest.
- (2) Those that failed though interest was not lacking.

The cause of failure of Units coming under the first category is not hard to understand. It is fairly obvious in such cases that the membership suffered from an interest that was too detached. Toc H cannot be kept alive by interest alone, it was love that gave it birth, and it is only love that will keep it alive. Interest in Toc H is not enough—a detached interest will immediately bring failure in its train. The original cause of detached interest may have been that, in the first place, the interest was only superficially aroused. There is no room for superficiality in Toc H, and any Unit founded on a superficial basis, however successful it may temporarily appear, is doomed to failure.

So much for category (1), but what a problem to face when we come to category (2), those Units that failed in spite of the fact that interest was not lacking! To what can we attribute the failure of

Units who numbered amongst their membership men who loved Toc H, men who were not only sincerely earnest, but in addition were exceptionally energetic? How can we account for the fact that Branches and Groups, which to all appearances were neither so earnest nor energetic, still kept going, while those who were apparently worthier of the Lamp or Rushlight went to the wall? Could it possibly be that an excess of earnestness and energy could sow the seeds of failure? Surely not! A thought so entirely paradoxical and hopelessly illogical must be incorrect—yet it was hard to leave this line of reasoning. The fact remains that an apparent absence of earnestness and energy was definitely associated with those Units, that, judged by Toc H standards should have met with failure and yet were ahead of their apparently worthier brothers, about whose sincerity and energy there was no possible room for doubt.

Not for one hour, or two hours, but over a period of two days I wrestled with this problem. Persistence brought its own reward; I finally got the half-nelson on the problem and whether, Dear Reader, you agree or disagree with me, I discovered that my original thought was correct. An excess of earnestness and energy has within itself the seeds of possible failure. Bear with me a little longer and I will endeavour to make this as clear to you as it is to me.

The failure of worthwhile Units springs

from two main causes, these causes originating in the very worth of the fellows themselves. The first cause being the act of *trying too hard* and the second cause being the fact of *becoming too tense*. It is a well known psychological fact that sometimes our most earnest efforts work against the very purpose that they are intended to accomplish. This experience has been described as "the law of reversed effort." Let me give you an example of how the law of reversed effort works. Any man can walk a plank laid flat on the ground, easily and comfortably without any conscious attempt to maintain his balance, but raise the plank one hundred feet in the air, thereby forcing on him the importance of maintaining his balance, and he will so earnestly direct his efforts towards this end, that the law of reversed effort will take effect and he will find that what he did previously without any trouble at all, is now an action fraught with extreme difficulty. With this example in mind I suggest to you that the ever-present consciousness of what they were attempting called forth such earnestness of effort and energy of purpose, that those Units which suffered defeat, a defeat that was perhaps more glorious than many a success, brought it on themselves through trying too hard and becoming too tense. May not this also be the reason why some Toc H meetings warm and cheer you, whereas others, composed of men equally well-intentioned, chill and depress you? Is it too much to say that it is bad to have the consciousness of the ideals of Toc H, its spirituality, what it stands for and Whose show it is, for ever in the foreground? What a ghastly thing a meal would be if, at the same time we were conscious of the food, we were also conscious of the workings of our digestive organs! Surely it would detract from

the normal and rational pleasure received from satisfying our hunger. When engaged on a Toc H job, surely it must detract from the sheer joy of expressing love, if one is conscious all the time that one is doing a Toc H job. Is perhaps this not the reason why fellows who do more jobs than the rest of the Branch or Group put together, and should presumably be the happiest and most radiant at meetings, are so often the very ones who, one is inclined to think, would feel more at home in a funeral parlour. H. B. Fosdick in *Twelve Tests of Character* says: "Goodness that is not radiant has something the matter with it." I care not how good its record, a Branch or Group that is not radiant, has something radically wrong somewhere. I care not how poor its record, a Branch or Group that is radiant has something fundamentally right somewhere.

Love should be the mainspring of all your activities, and if you will rule out of your vocabulary the word success, simply open yourself to receive the inspiration that Toc H has to offer you, and aim to make the inspiration manifest in deeds, you cannot go wrong. If you do not intentionally "leap with joy" to a task, leave it to someone who will. For if the task is not joyful to you, you are not sufficiently far along the road to have the privilege of doing it. If individual or corporate jobs are to be done from any other motive than sheer joy at being given the opportunity of doing them, it is much better to leave them alone.

Now it is not at all impossible that you will not only disagree with all that I have said but you may also reject my advice. But I shall still maintain that the success of your Branch or Group, if achieved as the result of directing your efforts towards this end, will be as Dead Sea Fruit, but if it comes as incidental to the fact

that, cheerily and happily, you have been working for the Kingdom of God in the

wills of men, it will be both joyful and abiding.
J. H.

II. 'Stretcher Cases'

Another writer is more black-edged in tone, but his point is worth pondering.

Within three years from now, Toc H will have ceased to exist. The organisation of Toc H, the Units thereof will have so lost the conception of their ideal that they will have ceased to be of any worth.

The main reason for such an indictment lies in the very heart of Toc H. Units grow up with the idea firmly implanted in them that lame dogs must be helped over stiles and that their *raison d'être* is to help such dogs over all available stiles. In this way lame dogs or "stretcher-bearer cases" (as Tubby calls them) become part of Toc H, come into, and are borne along by, the Unit.

Then follows the tragedy. The stretcher-bearer-cases multiply, since each case, realising what a benefit he obtains from Toc H, induces other cases to come to Toc H—and their numbers grow. Those who carry the cases, the stretcher-bearers themselves, cannot and dare not ask people of similar calibre themselves to share in the life of the community of Toc H, knowing full well that it would merely be a waste of valuable time and would give a set-back rather than a fillip.

This grows—the bearers are busy bearing and, having borne, they must turn their energies to keeping the Unit moving in the right direction. By their own strength and determination the Unit is kept alive—but even this is worse than useless since they are merely bolstering up an organisation, and they cannot discover through Toc H how to achieve fulness in their own lives. During this period, in a praiseworthy effort to ward off failure by striving to keep a high standard of membership and to restrict the number of these 'cases' as members, they are hindered by the false and blundering optimism of District Officials who cry out for more members and bewail that Units have not initiated a member for the past year. Thus the organisation of Toc H throttles itself. Its 'cases' outgrow the bearers and the Units become sterile.

A few men, having seen that Toc H demands a new attitude to life and that the Toc H spirit must revolutionise their existence, need inspiration. But the majority because their mode of life does not call from them something greater than themselves, need no inspiration—their standards are too low. Not needing inspiration they go to Toc H meetings and do not seek it—they do not to help to find it and cannot give it. Thus the life of the Unit deteriorates and becomes stagnant. That is the reason why in three years from now Toc H will have ceased to exist . . . unless . . .

If you feel like disagreeing just take one look at the members of a Toc H Unit and see how really few "men" are there—men who have the will to stand firm in the strength of their own beliefs.

* * * * *

Luckily there is a cure—it is harsh but it is perfectly justified since Toc H is so utterly worth while. There must be ruthless pruning among the membership—"cases" must be shunted into some nice jobs, with the hope that they do not return to stagnate—"Jobs" in the Toc H sense which demand all that the "cases" can give.

If that is impossible, let the bearers cut away from the Unit, and begin a fresh Grope with real foresight and higher ideals.

If that cannot be effected join the General Branch.

In addition and of more importance thought must direct their feelings and their wills. Real hard thought about Toc H itself, about personal relationships, about the practicability of carrying out Christ's teaching devoid of every cant and convention. Thus convictions arise and a real determination to uphold them will follow—making Toc H a vital force in the World.

* * * * *

Within three years from now Toc H will have ceased to exist . . . unless . . .

AN INDIAN BROADCAST

T O C H, like Topsy, just grew out of men's wants in the Great War at the Old House at Poperinghe in the Ypres sector. We at home remembered how it began as "Everyman's Inn" in December 1915, and how this year it comes of age, after thrice seven years of loss and gain—the latter preponderating.

In Toc H we are often asked—"What exactly is Toc H?" Perhaps we might have got some idea how to answer this searching question if we had listened one evening to a talk on Toc H (given recently) in India on the wireless. The programme in *The Indian Listener* announced it thus:

"6.0 p.m. Talk by Mijdidi. (Mijdidi is "Second Elder Sister" of The Radio Circle).

(A) *On things that interest you and me* (plants and insects).

(B) 'What is Toc H?' (answer to a query).

(C) *Stories from the Puranas.*"

We will omit (A) and (C) as irrelevant here, and listen to item (B). The lady, Mijdidi, spoke in Bengali: but a clerk of sound understanding took a full note, and has rendered clearly into English what came over, as follows:—

"In the year 1917, when the clarion call or the horrors of the Great War were still in the air, Rev. Clayton, a certain Padre, felt very much for the troubles of the Soldier-life and founded an Association called the Talbot House at Belgium to look after the welfare of these poor men. The origin of his motive is to get a pastime for soldiers while there is peace and while they are free. The subsequent aim of this Institution, when founded in a larger and bigger scale, is:

"(1) To spread brotherly and fellow-

ship feelings amongst soldiers and Soldier-friends.

"(2) To maintain Health through Hygienic Way.

"(3) To love all sorts of games and to spread the spirit of it.

"(4) To serve humanity.

"(5) To be fairminded.

"Eligibility of membership goes only to Christians, and members should on no account take any part in political agitation or violate any prescribed law. Since the day of its foundation, it has gained much ground; and it has got now its Branches not only in Europe and America but throughout the civilized world. Some of them are named as 'Little Talbot House,' 'Talbot House of Belgium' or 'France,' etc. In 1922 this Club took the Royal Assent, and the Prince of Wales has very kindly become the Patron-in-Chief."

Next comes a charming and illuminating Elder Sister's touch:—

"The 'Punch' in a leading article spoke very highly about this Association, and while comparing past with the present state of Soldier status even dwelt upon the Darkness of Hell with Heaven's Light."

The speaker continued that "the discovery of Talbot House is a boon to Soldier-life and the Toc H is the abbreviation of this Talbot House:—

"(1) Toc—a signalling Note.

"(2) H—House."

The conclusion was a lucid definition of Tubby:—

"Rev. Clayton is a everyday talk to all its members now."

To see ourselves through Indian eyes is often illuminating—if humorous. And as Toc H is a creature of war-humour, it is no bad way to approach it thus. C.B.E.

AS THE BLIND SEE IT

The following is contributed by GUY STOLLERY, a blind member of Mark VII.

TWO great writers have given us two widely different stories of blindness. H. G. Wells presents a picture of the disadvantages of a sighted man in a country of blind people in *Where the One-Eyed Man is King*, whilst Kipling's *The Light that Failed* gives a less sympathetic and more traditional aspect of sightlessness.

Before tackling the problem of how to understand this important section of the community, we must dismiss from our minds the idea of the man with a mug giving people an opportunity of gaining merit by their charity. In its place put a chap with a handicap, but, for all that, a serviceable, active and thinking person who voluntarily subjects himself to many grave risks. It is to minimise the risks he runs that your eyes can serve him, whilst the comradely form of your aid is appreciated more than anything else.

In the first place you will know how to serve him more by his manner than by his appearance unless both be combined by the adoption of a white walking stick. A street crossing is most often where you may meet him, showing in some obvious way that he desires your aid. A friendly arm for guidance gives that confidence which removes anxiety, and a warning of the opposite kerb, even though he has a stick, is a tremendous help. A warning for future potential dangers is received with gratitude, as to cross thus comfortably and with a cheery companion is like a tonic to nerves which must never be relaxed in the street. The 'bus stop is another situation where a few moments of your time will result in the alleviation of worry from the shoulders of a blind person.

But blindness is not the deplorable tragedy that it is in the interests of the

"man with a mug" to make you believe. If you close your eyes and dangle yourself in stark horror over a bottomless pit of nameless gloom and woe in an effort to imagine the plight of the blind, you are barking up the wrong tree. When you come back to earth it is natural for you to protect these self-inflicted beliefs of utter hopelessness on to the first blind person you meet, and perhaps, quite unconsciously, he is forthwith condemned for fears and feelings of which he is, in all probability, entirely innocent. How else should the blind be so pitied, or have their least achievements regarded with open-mouthed wonder? It is these attitudes of mind, unfortunately so common nowadays, that lead directly to that bitter misunderstanding—Prejudice.

Compensatory Senses

On the other hand, do not suppose that blind people are miraculously or otherwise gifted with compensatory senses. An intelligent and sympathetic attempt at understanding their situation is, of course, necessary. The senses of a blind person do not in any way differ from those of sighted people. What does happen, however, is that the practised use of those senses which remain, together with a vastly richer store of carefully accumulated experiences and memories, become so adequate to the average requirements of a normal life that, to some people, the result is well nigh incomprehensible.

This is particularly the case with touch: by his 'tactile' sensations the blind person can interpret the appearances of things in his reach. Psychologists have ascertained that sight alone gives us no accurate sensibility of the Third Dimension. It is the sense of touch, aided by the muscular sen-

sation of movement, that teaches us to appreciate the depth in both objects and space. It is by the exercise of touch and the mental magnification of parts, aided by a few words of description, that Nature and Architecture are brought within the comprehension and intelligent appreciation of all of us.

By a carefully trained and cleverly guided manual dexterity you will find blind people enjoying a large measure of that dignity and joy that goes with self-supporting work. Livelihoods are won in such trades as piano-tuning and repairing, telephony, shorthand typing, weaving, mat, broom, basket and mattress making, shoe repairing, and many other useful occupations. Frequently a blind man is able to compete with sighted labour, his only drawback being that he is sometimes slower than the more fortunate of his competitors.

Sports of all kinds are indulged in by the blind of all ages. Amongst themselves they can play very creditable cricket, football and hockey, learn swimming and life-saving, compete in games of strength, skill and speed, enjoy winter-sports where accessible, riding, golf, boating, dancing and indoor games at all times. Their interest in the games of sighted players is hardly less keen than in their own.

Ability and the Mind

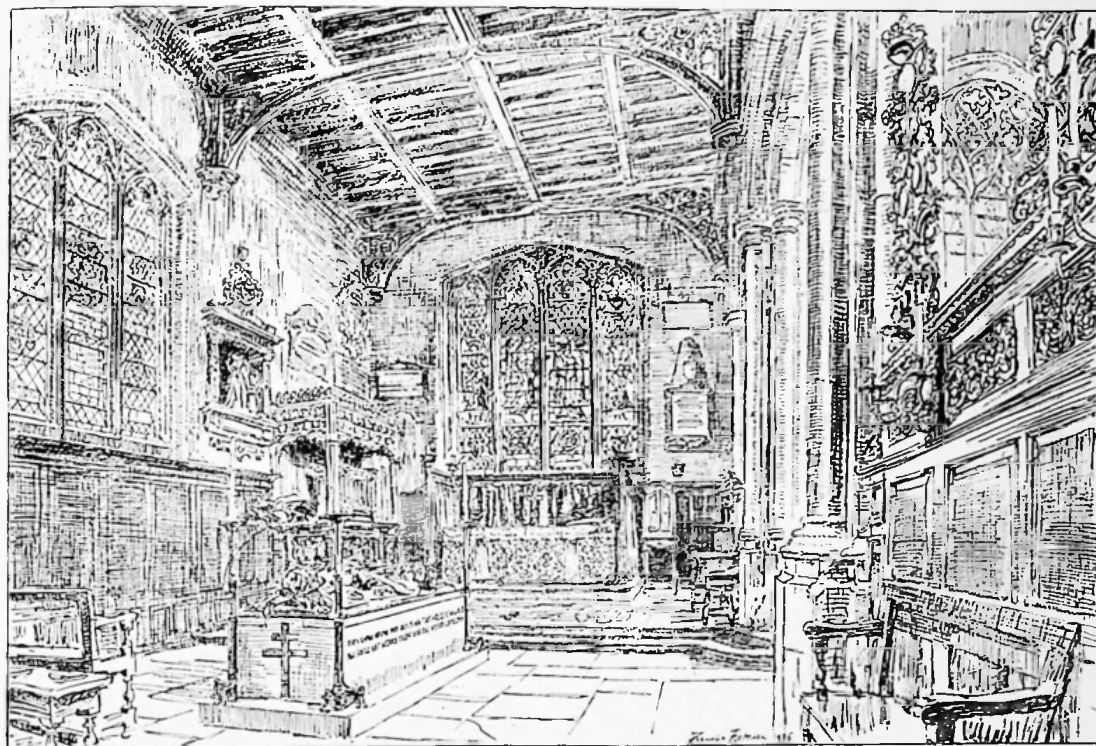
Interest and appreciation in art and the stage is also well within their compass, and if they retain any recollection of colour even painting is included. In music they are both keen listeners and notable exponents. In the realms of pure and applied thought the blind have also shown themselves to be very capable. Sight is

not an indispensable instrument of thought, though it would appear to be one of the commonest beliefs with which blind people have to contend. Here, both the tactile and auditory senses are fulfilling their highest purposes and by their use chiefly the blind person achieves erudition.

On the average, blind people read more, reflect more deeply, penetrate further, and are more concentrated in thought than is common with those who are distracted by visual perception. This advance may be largely attributed to the invention of the blind son of a French shoemaker, Louis Braille (1809-1852). Although not the first to devise a 'tactile' alphabet, it needed his genius to perfect a system which would meet every requirement. Simplicity is its keynote, being built up of the simplest of all tactile signs, the dot. From a generative set of six of these, occupying no more space than can be at once detected by the pad of the finger, an alphabet of 63 characters was constructed. The shackles, which imprisoned the minds of the hitherto blind within the narrow limits of written works made audible, were struck away, and in less than a century they had wrought an emancipation which has given the world Doctors of Philosophy and Mathematics, Masters and Bachelors of Arts and Music, K.C.s, M.P.s, poets and men of high literary attainments, professors and teachers, preachers and lay readers, masseurs and osteopaths. If it were not for the absolute minority of first-rate minds in the blind world as compared with the sighted, I have little doubt but that they would occupy places as high as any yet achieved in these departments.

Where, then, do the blind differ so much from the sighted? For their sake, Think Fairly!

G. S.



THE CHAPEL OF THE LAMP, ALL HALLOWS, BERKYNGCHIRCHE.

This drawing by Hanslip Fletcher, here much reduced, appeared in the *Sunday Times* of July 5, the Sunday after the Central Week of the Coming-of-Age Festival. It is reproduced by permission of Hanslip Fletcher and the *Sunday Times*. The original drawing is now in Tubby's possession.

The picture shows the North Chapel in All Hallows with Sir John Croke's stone-canopied altar-tomb on the left of the sanctuary, on which the Prince's Lamp in its casket stands perpetually burning. Cecil Thomas' recumbent memorial to Alfred Forster lies in the centre. On the right are seen the ceremonial sword-rests of wrought Sussex ironwork.



ABOVE : Outside Forty-two Trinity Square at Night.

BELOW : A room inside ' Forty-two ' by day, with some members of the Overseas Office Staff. *Left to right*—T. E. Keysell with two visitors in the background, Eric Brown (*Hon. Sec., the Services*) and Bianca Ribuffi.
(Photos. by J. L. Nelson, Mark II).

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER

Here is an article which has lain for nine years in a file without seeing the light, but its freshness does not seem to have faded. It makes no claims to 'orthodoxy' but it is alive and full of sense. The author was JOHN MILLER.

"WHEN that I was and a little tiny boy" I recollect it was the wont of my mother each Sunday afternoon to pack off my young brother and myself to a Sunday School, whither we went reluctant and rebelliously, and purely on the promise of an apple and boiled sweets awaiting us on the dining-room table. As the child is a child, we were children, neither heavenly nor darkling, neither cherub nor imp, but the admixture that is the little boy. How came it, then, that once arrived at the Sunday School, and once received into the bosom of our small friends we straight way began to behave ourselves most vilely? A crew of us, I remember, so badgered the winsome girl who was our teacher, that she wept and never came again. Nor did our traditions falter. The stern young man who succeeded the weeping girl never got a vestige of order, even though he stormed and looked witheringly and made minatory gestures at us with a Bible as we rushed uproariously through the Old Testament. The Superintendent was a dear old man. But his white hairs were as nothing, for we nicknamed him 'Spongecake,' and when it was the turn of our class to choose the closing hymn, openly flouted him by selecting the outcast of the hymnology—a quaint thing with alternate lines composed entirely of three Hallelujahs. In a word, we were systematic and black-hearted little pests.

My brother and I left the Sunday School at an early age. Perhaps the apple and boiled sweets lost their savour, perhaps the authorities grew sick of us. I forget now—whatever the cause, we left, so that it is impossible for me to say whether, in

the creeping of the years, we should have reformed and composed ourselves to "grow in grace," as the books awarded for attendance exhorted us. It is at least doubtful. Many of the older scholars in schools that I have visited, and schools that I have heard of, seem to grow, not in grace but guffaws, and in a blindness to the day "missing so much and so much." Delightful lads they are. Who would have them changed? Not I, for one. But nevertheless, through their uproariousness and their obsession in the trivial, how desolating and irksome do they make the art of the Sunday School Teacher, to what a bleak farce are they apt to turn his noblest efforts! It is all a pretty how d'you do.

Falling into it!

A year ago the Branch Padre suggested to me that I should become a Sunday School Teacher. He is a dear man, and he approached me with such delicacy, if not wistfulness, that I could not refuse him. Flat in the face of my convictions I became a Sunday School Teacher. Hesitatingly and in a mild sweat I took over my class of boys. They were twelve in number and they averaged about seventeen years old. They were, and to this day still are, as lively a crew as can be found. They have frequently given me pause and taken the brightness from my eye, but on the whole, we met together not without mutual benefit, and certainly with mirth; and the class increased by five. I believe in first impressions made on a certain type of youth. I also believe that a good beginning is excellent, as Dickens observes on the tear-off calendar—October 15th, *Martin Chuzzlewit*. I therefore

took over the class as though it were an examination—strenuously, but scarcely with any policy whatsoever except that of aiming to make my class as different as ever I could from any other class in all the world. Maybe it was some striped trousers I was wearing that helped me, maybe it was a faintly rhetorical attitude that I struck, but, however it came about, the class certainly began well. We became acquainted over volcanoes; we grew more friendly by starlight and the gloom of space; we expanded and looked genially on each other at the telling of tales of Talbot House. The Four Points of the Compass naturally followed, one point *per diem*. Many men have talked on this theme, some excellently, others not so well—I belong to the latter category. I daresay I hashed the Four Points shockingly, but nevertheless I subtly administered the pill—a clever pill, if I may say so, fashioned till it was a football of sugar. I will instance what I mean.

Proverbs for Perversion

I found it expedient at one part of my talk to illustrate the proverb that all is not gold that glitters, not with flash jewellery, nor by reflections in the river, but strikingly and memorably, so as to focus their wandering minds and give them strange things to think upon in the drab hurly-burly of the days—to wit, with the head of Mary, Queen of Scots. An ungallant measure. I apologise now as I did then, for she was a witching woman and a Queen, and her memory haunts the ages like a charm. I told them of Fotheringay and of the execution there; of Mary, Queen of Strangeness, gowned in a stately crimson; of her beauty and of her calm; and of the weeping of her maids; and how, when the executioner held up her luckless head, wrinkles could be descried and hair gone grey, hidden by artifice

upon her ageing brows. And as I told them this with infinite detail, I saw their eyes grow big with wondering, and I knew their minds were mine and that henceforth, if indeed it had hitherto been their wont, they would no longer look upon Mary, Queen of Scots, as a figure-head and a name, or at the most, as a mere examination bogey. I would their eyes were always big with wondering. For that is the aim—never to bore them. It is not hard with a little imagination and forethought, never, never, to bore them.

Meeting the 'Gentlemen'

That was the beginning in the subterranean billiard-room where I met my 'gentlemen.' Order, of course, was obtained now and then, but rarely through my efforts. At each meeting a chairman was elected and he, with the aid of a billiard cue, would suppress any insurrection by poking it in the bud—if you will allow me to turn a metaphor. Yet in spite of the billiard table and the jaunty associations it was apt to recall, an air of faint stateliness and formality came over us everyone. There was no room here for vulgar bickering or rowdiness, no need for sternness which is frequently mere peevishness, for we looked to the dignity of the chair. Instead of the snarl—"If you don't stop your rotten din, I'll kick you through the door," instead of the drivelling moan about the value of one's time and the inanity of the class's conduct, there were grave appeals and stately exhortations, such as—"Mr. Chairman, I must entreat silence of you," or "Gentlemen, time out of mind, gentlemen, give me your private ears awhile," or, "This vicarious heckling, Mr. Chairman, I cannot brook,"—a policy that I found to the high relish of the class.

I don't think that I once gave them what is supposed to be the stereotyped Sunday

School lesson—a History of Israel, or the wanderings of St. Paul. They are weary of such themes, having had them shoved down their throats near all their lives. It is as if a boy were preached to on the subject of Sinbad the Sailor, at that age when he is reading Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* with an indulgent yawn, and at that time of his development when he is becoming a man and putting away childish things, including imagination. Because poetry is "of imagination all compact," and fashioned of "such stuff as dreams are made on," and able, if the best of it is read aloud properly, to witch the hearts of men out of this poor hulk of clay—for these reasons I read poetry to my gentlemen. During the course of a few Sundays, they yawned and were rapturous, they guffawed and listened in a quietness. They doted on the uproarious verses of Vachel Lindsey about *Mumbo-Jumbo*—a poem particularly suitable for Missionary Sunday; they revelled in the brilliance of Hillaire Belloc, and sat in enchantment as I read them the unearthly poems of Walter de la Mare. But I fear they made little of Rupert Brooke, and less of A. E. Housman, whilst during an afternoon with Lewis Carroll they yawned so vilely, I swore never to read them more verses, and hitherto have kept my vow.

The garrulous hour!

I can recommend the reading of poetry, but the holding of debates I do not recommend—I urge it. The class gets up its own lesson, instructs itself, amuses itself, makes known itself, as sure as there are minds to conceive nonsense and tongues to utter it. On the Sunday before the meeting, a theme for debate was chosen, a chairman gravely elected, and proposers for and against the motion, voted for. The class was then dismissed to brood upon the problem till the day of debate,

when they met, as one might reasonably expect, without the slightest preparation, and with never the ghost of an idea in their heads of what they were going to say. Amidst hilarious rejoinders the Chairman introduced the speakers. The proposer for the motion was called upon, and rose rubbing his head. The proposer that Games should be played on Sunday, made his proposal, and finding that confirmatory arguments were not forthcoming, repeated himself three times (once backward) and sat down gloomily. The seconder had even fewer words—the seconder always had fewer words; indeed, he was generally compelled to use a rather idiotic formula that I had suggested, viz., "I publicly endorse what Mr. So-and-So has said." As with one camp so with the other—the same brief fight of words. But when they had made their broken utterances, and were seated, and the question put to the meeting, behold, a change! The indifference vanished from their faces, and the coma from their brains, one man speaking against one man, and two against two in the obsession of conflicting opinions, till the minutes fled away far into the second hour, and the Chairman, forgotten in the excitement and over-long cramped by the poor limitations of the chair, with genial great-heartedness broke through all precedent and joined in the argument himself. I learnt many things from these debates and many things from the debaters. I already knew them as winsome young scoundrels, full of disconcerting devilry and noisy jokes, but I little suspected that they were at heart most moral, most respectable, most conservative, most righteous, potential good citizens. Games were *not* to be played on Sunday, the Press was *not* more powerful than the Pulpit, capital punishment was *not* to be abolished, nor England become a republic, nor the stage give way to the

cinema, nor trams to 'buses. They debated till perhaps they were weary, till there was a dearth of themes and nothing confronted them but the insuperable enigmas that, for all the years of war, had baffled the Troops and filled their minds with bewildering deliberation, namely, these twin points—"Should worms carry rear-lights?", or "Which would you rather Bee or a Wasp?" Thus, fittingly, did the debates end.

The Candid Critic

Later, I put before the class a scheme of 'book-reviewing.' A good book was selected, if possible a modern book that the world will not willingly let die. A criticism was offered which no one listened to, and then by carefully chosen readings and the narrative of one's own mouth, the tale was suggested and put together. Too much reading aloud bores the class and puts them in mind with odd embarrassment of Mr. Fairy Grimm and the firelight long ago; too little reading aloud is a mistake because this scheme of book-reviewing aims not merely at the telling of a tale, but rather at the creating of a taste, and a passion, and a craze, in their young minds, for all that is witching and magically strange and bewilderingly lovely. The scheme even at its outset promised to be highly popular and successful, for nearly two hours were spent over G. K. Chesterton's *Man who was Thursday*, with only a few interruptions and not a single instance of paper balls being whanged about. Fifty minutes were spent over the much shorter tale—R. L. Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. As I was about to go I turned to the class. "Come," I said, "tell me what you think of Stevenson's English, there was no flabby nonsense in it, was there? Didn't it strike you as being delicate and strong and at times of great beauty?" "No, it didn't,"

said the Chairman. "You mean to say," I said, "you couldn't distinguish it from the prose of the *Daily Mail*?" "Absolutely Mr. Gallagher!" "How dare you, Mr. Sheen!" And with these words I swept from their presence.

What books to review, I had no notion, except that I should repeat both Chesterton and Stevenson respectively, with *Man Alive* and *New Arabian Nights*. But I should hesitate to draw up a list of books. What appeals to one man is another man's aversion, moreover the sympathetic interpretation of an author depends on the mental fashion of the man, who will confess himself by the books he reads. Therefore, I think the reading list is largely a matter of personal taste in good literature.

I was invited to write this article for the sakes, I suppose, of young men who are, like myself, mere novices in Sunday School teaching, so that they may know that they are by no means the only people who have an unholy time with boys on Sunday afternoon. But I hope to be of use to more than these—to the young men, I mean, who shun Sunday School teaching as sheer waste of time—a big mistake if a man will but tackle the job workmanly and with resolution. Here is a task for the most delicate fashioning, not in the stones of Earth, nor through the vulgar medium of cash, but with the minds of men. The task will be onerous and frequently irksome, but on the whole, sheer delight; on the whole, sheer gain. My gentlemen were scattered over the town, and sometimes on workaday when I had put away my striped trousers, and they their amazing Sabbath finery, we chanced upon each other coming home from work. We smiled, exchanged bad jokes and fell to a gentle cursing of the Industrial world; and so to the firelight. Inasmuch as I can understand, my gentlemen looked on me as something of a big brother, and as

something of a lunatic, for which I am profoundly grateful. There is one who offered to find me a 'young lady'—I ran all the way home; and there is another in the signal-box at the station, who dropped me a signal and waved me a hand, each morning as we rattled out to the moil of

Industrialism. They were my own lads, my retinue, my bodyguard. They are high-spirited and winsome, and their kind is universal. Who, then, either on the score of uselessness or diffidence, shall fear to gather them together? Who, indeed?

J. M.

PRELUDE TO READING—II

The first little paper in this series on the art of writing was published in the May issue of the JOURNAL, (page 196).

When we last met on paper, I said that to express feelings, as well as facts needs a lot of trouble. The example below partly shows my trouble in finding a solution of the problem I left with you. I have not enough space to show you all the attempts which I scratched out, but you can see I altered this one. Even now I do not like it.

"Clocks? never set eyes on such a collection! The shop bristling with them! And the row they kicked up! The little ones like crickets and the big ones like burly cops on the beat. They didn't half rub it in that you were chucking time away!"

One expresses some feelings as well as bare facts by a choice of good words and phrases. For every feeling there are good words, bad words and dull words. There is not much danger of choosing bad words. No one outside a madhouse would write this:—

I. Seeing that his steed did not succeed, he pronounced a malediction and departed with celerity.

The danger is dull words. Many people might write:—

II. He was very angry because his horse had lost, and left at once.

But anyone, if he stopped to feel the situation and to think of words that expressed his feeling, could write something better, for instance:—

III. The animal crawled calmly home among the also-rans. Cursing his luck he strode violently out of the paddock.

The words in "I" might be good in other places but not here. "Seeing that" is connected with legal documents, "steed" with ancient warfare, "pronounced a malediction" with a fossilised bishop in a bad temper, "departed with celerity" with someone trying to seem learned—these are all

wrong connections.

In 'II' the words suggest no feeling.

In 'III' "crawling home calmly" suggests motion very different from that which one expects of a racehorse, and by calling him "animal" as well you express a pretty poor opinion of him. "Striding" suggests angry determination far better than "walking" or "going." "Paddock" is a racecourse word. The rest of the words are not especially good but they have more connection with a disgusted loser than in II.

Another thing that matters about words is their sound.

"Seeing that his steed did not succeed" contains too many of the same vowel-sounds in too small a space. It takes attention away from the meaning by its ugliness.

But one can express a sound by words that make the same sort of sound, e.g.—"The murmuring of innumerable bees," "some score of small voices," "All these told out the seconds in an intricate chorus of tickings" "The chestnut pattering to the ground."

Also a repetition of the same consonant (called alliteration) often helps to express any meaning that you have in mind, not necessarily a sound. Here are instances. "Crawled calmly," "the big ones like burly cops on the beat," "fit as a fiddle," "dull as ditch-water," "prayers and praises," "dirty dog," "The slow water wanders by the willows."

To sum up, words are right, wrong or dull according to their associations and according to their sound. If you would like to test this, try some of your own examples.

K.

THE ELDER BRETHREN

R. E. Clarke: Muswell Hill Branch

R. EDWYN CLARKE who died on September 2, aged 71, after a long illness, was one of the founder members of this Branch. He was

interested in local politics all his life and was also a Freeman of the City of London, being a member of the Fanmakers' Company.

MULTUM IN PARVO

☛ Canon CYRIL PEARSON, Padre of Toc H in India and Burma, will visit Australia and New Zealand next February and March. He has been invited by the Central Executive to become Hon. Chief Overseas Commissioner on his return home in the autumn of 1937.

☛ Canon E. C. BARKER (Killiney, Co. Dublin) has been appointed an Hon. Association Padre.

☛ The General Council of Toc H in MALAYA has, on the recommendation of those concerned locally, been formally disbanded and Malayan units will now work direct with the Lone Units Committee.

☛ JOHN MALLET and Mrs. Mallet sailed for South Africa in the *City of Exeter* on September 19 and are due to arrive in Durban on October 17. John will then take up his duties as Area Secretary, Natal.

☛ Padre J. N. JORY, the new Winnipeg Padre, sails for Canada on October 16.

☛ Padre GEORGE BLAKE has left Notts. & Derby to be Area Padre, Manchester, and Padre of Mark XIV, in succession to Padre Bradshaw. Pending the appointment of a padre to take his place, REG STATON is acting as Area Pilot, Notts. & Derby and Mark Pilot at Derby.

☛ A team of hostellers has entered into occupation of the new MARK VI at 6, Wake Green Road, Moseley, Birmingham, 13, the house given to Toc H by Lord Austin in memory of his son. An announcement of the formal opening will be made later.

☛ Congratulations to the Group in MAURITIUS which has been promoted to Branch status; also to PORTLAND Branch, New South Wales.

BOOK BARGAINS

You would be surprised to be told that there is a wealth of literature at Headquarters. We do not refer to recent issues of the JOURNAL. Occupying valuable storage space, there are books and booklets of real interest yet scarcely known to most members. They are in batches too small for inclusion in the regular lists of "Toc H Publications," yet far too good to be scrapped. Some of

them have become classics; others may yet do so. All deserve the light of reading and a place on members' book-shelves. So here is a bargain list of selected 'rare editions'; why wait until book-sellers charge you exorbitant prices for second-hand copies? Even for the recent publications the prices are most attractive, as they include heavy postages, both for home and overseas.

Threepence each, 3s. a dozen, including postage:
TEN YEARS OF TOC H, 1919-1929. A Picture Book with a Prologue, The War Years.

ORANGES AND LEMONS. A Christmas Lapse by the Toc H JOURNAL, 1934, in Seven Laps and an Envoi. Theophilus Grimston Brown.

Sixpence each, 3s. 6d. a dozen, including postage:
COMING-OF-AGE. The Programme of the Festival Evenings, 1936. 80 pages, including the full Roll of Lamps, Toc H and L.W.H., and the text of the Masque, "Master Valiant."

One Shilling each, 10s. a dozen, including postage:
MASTER VALIANT. The Choral Masque for the Coming-of-Age, 1936. Words by Barclay Baron. Music by Martin Shaw. Including the music

of "Go forth with God!" Published by the Oxford University Press. (Some choir copies, used at the Crystal Palace. Usual price: 2s. 6d., postage extra).

GALLANT ADVENTURE. The Toc H Annual, 1928. Contributions by "many distinguished authors and artists." 96 pages. Published at 2s. 6d.

THE PILGRIM'S GUIDE TO THE YPRES SALIENT. Contributions by Tubby, C. J. Magrath, F. R. Barry, "Sapper," Boyd Cable, etc. 90 pages. Published for Toc H in 1920 at 3s. 6d.

Free, on special request:

THE ANNUAL REPORT OF TOC H. Abridged Edition, April, 1936. For distribution by District Bursars, Treasurers and other Officers.

OWED: TO A DISH CLOTH

WE were washing up and I was drying.

I do not know what a woman thinks about as she does her daily tasks: she must think of something for so many of those tasks are done, not daily, but several times a day. Even I, who wash up when the spirit moves me, have attained virtuosity with the dish cloth, the knives and spoons. Virtuosity is scarcely the word, for the virtuoso expresses himself with his violin or piano and brings into life the spirit of the composer and the music of all the ages, just as much as he reveals perfect technique. No, I am no virtuoso of the dish cloth and spoons, I am just a robot that does mechanically and efficiently what duty tells me I ought to do.

But even I, robot as I am, am free to wander with my mind. I cannot tell what women do with their minds as they busy their hands with brush and cloth and needle.

It was the knife that started it all. I picked it up again to give it that extra rub required by a minute smear that a woman would have left, for the simple reason that she knows such smears go of themselves. I noticed the name of the shop where all our knives were bought—whose wedding present they were I cannot be quite certain, B—'s or L—'s, but I cannot be certain until I ask my wife, she will know,—and I also saw that it was Sheffield made.

Then I heard the wireless, and again I revealed the difference between male and female by leaving the knives and going into the other room to pick up "The radio Times" to see what was being played. An hour of Gramophone Records: Famous Military Bands, English, Belgian, French, Dutch, Spanish, Italian and Irish. So I returned to my knives and listened to the

music of Weber, Mussorgsky, Bizet and Waldteufel.

I finished the knives before the music stopped, but my mind went on travelling. I went to Sheffield first. I have never been there before, but last year a young couple from Sheffield stayed at the bungalow next to ours on the East Coast and we gave them a lift on their last day, and even then they only just caught their train. They said, 'We are in your debt after all.' So I was quite at home in Sheffield for I know what the people are like, and you know a town by its people. And just as I was beginning to learn all about the manufacture of steel, Stainless Stephen semi-quavered in my ear and I had to ask him what the 'Normandie' authorities said to him and before he answered the Belgian Guards were playing a Persian Dance by Mussorgsky. Then I was back in my 'teens, in a rather small but most select concert hall, listening to Charles Tree singing Mussorgsky's 'Song of the Flea.' And then—but I cannot recount where I went, except to say that I was with one I loved and still love and shall meet again, for we both saw the fleas Charles Tree sang into that select concert hall.

I stayed with him whom I love for some time. . . .

When I returned I found myself in a gramophone record factory. Gramophone and record and factory do not lie well together, yet what do they mean but a place where gramophone records are made? They are made, of course; it seems when we buy or are given something of C  zar Franck or Beethoven; that the records were born, not made, so smooth and glossy and mysterious they are. But we like them born electrically and not in the old-fashioned way! By this time I was back, not in my 'teens, but in my

childhood, for I remembered a second-hand phonograph I was given, its tubular records and the smell of them is with me still. 'Edison Bell Record,' it squeaked and then went on to scratch out 'The Bluebells of Scotland.' It was music to my ears, and I knew the depths of the pit of hell and its sorrow when I broke it. I have been deeper in that pit since that day but never so despairingly.

I do not think women can live so richly as I lived for ten minutes or so with the dish cloth. They are capable of knowing and appreciating such riches, but it is impossible for them or anyone to travel so rapidly, so widely for any length of time. I was glad to be brought back to mundane things and to the consideration whether the dish cloth should be put away as dirty or hung on the line to dry. To be brought back in other words to that which is common to all those people I had met. They wash up in Sheffield and it is a more common task than the making of steel. Mussorgsky, Bizet, Weber,

Italians, Belgians, Spaniards, English, Irish and Dutch; all these people eat off plates which need washing up. (I wonder how much washing up is being left undone in Spain to-day!).

As *compere*, as *entrepreneur*, as society hostess (society with a small 's' because I mean the society not of common people, but of mankind) a dish cloth is unrivalled.

All service, however menial, is unrivalled in this art of introduction to life, not merely to the memories of life, but to life as it is lived by those we help. My mind was free to roam as I dried the knives for duty's sake—is not duty another word for love?—but generally we know those we serve so little, so inadequately, that we do well to ask the dish cloth, or whatever it is we use, to introduce us to the real person by our sides, and so to life and all its variety.

We always find that the rich fabric of life is a dish cloth, or some stuff common to all, touched by the finger of God into humanity.

J. R. P.

TRAINING—I

This paper is the first of a series of eight which were drafted and used by the Northern Area. They are no doubt similar to many such training schemes adopted by other Areas elsewhere, but as they have come to hand we print them in the hope that they find a useful place in an ordinary Unit programme as a basis for discussion.

I.

MANY members already know that proposals have been discussed and agreed to, that units should set aside one evening per month for a definite course of training in Toc H.

The purpose behind this training policy is not to regiment all concerned into one great whole of people who think alike and corporately agree on all aspects of the various matters we are to discuss. Certainly that is not the desire of any Area Staff.

Rather do we want to think, discuss and argue afresh about familiar things, which, perhaps, have been allowed to lose their inspiration and meaning by their very familiarity.

It is thought that individual members will thus have an opportunity of reconsidering seriously the Objects of Toc H which they have accepted and pledged themselves to work for, and so renew their sense of the purpose of Toc H.

TRAINING is not, therefore, a matter of teachers and students, but of various groups of men treading familiar ground with two aims: 1. To see anew objects which are so well known that they are often passed by without notice, and 2. To re-discover our objective and keep a straighter course towards it.

The ultimate result of such training should be individually a clearer vision of what Toc H means for each of us, and corporately a

deeper sense of purpose in every unit.

Are our objects, Four Points and Main Resolution, traditions, or do we accept them for ourselves as adequate statements of what Toc H stands for, and are we trying to realise them?

Are our unit meetings and our jobs just traditional things that Toc H does or are we making sure that they have the living purpose of training men in fellowship, in serviceableness, and in straight thinking?

Are we still relying on the direction of a few guardians or are we developing in Area and District and Unit leadership in thought and action and purpose?

Are we satisfied if we build up a jolly, healthy society of men or are we concerned to know what is our responsibility towards the life of our times, with all its difficulties, its problems and its aspirations?

Perhaps these papers will enable us to find answers to these questions.

Here then, is the article about the first of the Objects of Toc H.

If possible, the article should be used as the basis of a talk rather than be merely read aloud. If this is not possible, it should be read by one who has previously studied it.

At the end of the talk or reading, members should divide into small groups and discuss the questions. The leader of each group will report the findings and there should be a short general discussion.

II.

OBJECT ONE: *To preserve amongst men and to transmit to future generations the traditions of fellowship and service manifested by all ranks during the Great War, thereby encouraging its members through the common Christian life of the Association to seek God, and helping them to find His Will and to do it.*

It is here assumed without question that fellowship and service were manifested during the War in all ranks. Nobody here will argue with this. Old soldiers tell us that it is a fact that the average Tommy, grouse and swear though he would, nevertheless was a true friend in time of need, and without question was ready to help his friends and

even others who had no claim on him whatever.

What seems to be worth discussing, is why should a war, of all things, produce such fellowship and service? If there is one thing that people have learned in England during these last few years, it is that war is stupid and tragic, unchristian and sordid, leaving in its trail bereaved families, fine men crippled or broken by neurasthenia or blindness, or even insanity. Why should a thing of such horror, yielding such results, also produce the fine fruits of fellowship and service?

Perhaps these four circumstances will produce the reason:—

- (1) During the War everybody had a common objective. There was one thought foremost in everybody's mind and one thing everybody desired. All were united as they had never been before or since in living memory.
- (2) All were sharing dangers and hardships. From the intense danger of the Front-line trenches to the fears of air raids in England, all knew what danger was. From the hardships of life at the Front and at sea, to the hardships of long working hours and short rations at home, everybody knew hardship as a constant companion.
- (3) Above all, there was general agreement amongst British people (and the same applied to our allies and enemies) that there was something worth working for more important even than life itself. You and I, in these peaceful days will agree that the object to be achieved through the wounding, killing and terrifying of other men, was not a high one. But for that object, the victory of the British arms—everybody generally admitted that, if necessary, it was worth giving one's own life that the object might be achieved.
- (4) Colouring all the above three points was a note of urgency. "We want to remember how, during the War, things were short-circuited and speeded up. Men literally jumped to conclusions, staking everything on them. How quickly did many men, in order to go to the War, break off all that they were doing or had ever hoped to do!" (*Toc H under Weigh*).

III.

These four characteristics of life during the Great War suggest the atmosphere in which men and women lived and moved; an atmosphere which favoured the growth of the fine fruits of fellowship and service.

That these four qualities do not characterise life to-day, is a statement that will probably not be disputed. For there is no common

objective; life for the majority has never been so comfortable physically if not mentally. There is no universally held ideal regarded as being more precious than life itself and finally there is no note of urgency. "Tomorrow," "next year" or "a few years' time," will do.

In these circumstances, is it possible to "preserve amongst men and to transmit to future generations" these traditions of fellowship and service? We would say emphatically that it can be done and that Toc H is to some extent succeeding. It cannot, of course, work on a national scale like the War, influencing millions. But in the comparatively tiny field of its own membership, these precious traditions are being preserved and look like being transmitted to future generations. Taking Toc H at its poorest in its weakest units, there is still something of fellowship, an absence of bitterness, the ability to say strong things kindly and receive them without malice. Jobs, however feeble, are being done and represent at least an attempt to pay the rent owed.

It may be, and it is for you to discuss, that this measure of success is due to the presence in Toc H (without the stimulus of a war) of something corresponding to the four circumstances noted before as characteristic of our country during the Great War.

For, first of all, there is our common acceptance of the importance of Fellowship and Fairmindedness. (Results in the Great War, but for us an objective planned and worked for by our mixing of all sorts and conditions of men).

Secondly, while danger is absent, there is something of hardship, or at least defiance of personal comfort and inclination in the doing of jobs often irksome and difficult.

Thirdly, there is what this First Object calls the "common Christian life of the Association," brought home to the ordinary member by the Main Resolution, the Fourth Point of the Compass and the place in Toc H of the Padre and Family Prayers and re-dedication services. Here is something generally admitted in theory if not in practice to be more precious than life itself.

And, fourthly, the note of urgency during the Great War—have we anything corre-

sponding to that? Whether we have or not, we ought to have. There are those who say there remain but few years before it will be decided whether civilisation is to crash or not. These thinkers may be wrong. But in any case, the note of urgency characterises Christians at their best; it is the best watchdog on that thief procrastination who, by saying "tomorrow will do" reduces half men's good intentions into excellent paving stones for the road to Hell. Patience, indeed let us have with everyone and everything but ourselves. But for us, "Get on with the job" is the best motto in everything that concerns our unit, our jobs, our district or Toc H as a whole.

The First Object goes on to say that through the common Christian life of the Association, we shall be encouraged to seek God, and helped to find His will and to do it.

This Object reduces Fellowship and Service to means towards an end—even the shared Christian life is but a means towards this greater end of seeking God, finding what He would have us do, and doing it.

And now it is for you to discuss this First Object of Toc H on the lines of the questions to be given you. Discuss them as sincerely and as dispassionately as you can. Take nothing for granted. While your hearts may have some say, let your heads rule and keep a sense of proportion.

IV.

(QUESTIONS).

- (1) Is there really a common Christian life of the Association of Toc H? (a) as a whole? (b) in your unit?
- (2) "Patriotism is not enough" said Nurse Cavell. Do you believe that the spiritual energy expended on patriotism ought with even more intensity to be expended as "patriotism" for the Kingdom of God? Is this the objective of Toc H, "more precious than life itself"?
- (3) In your unit are you satisfied that there is general agreement on the immense importance of fellowship and fairmindedness, that service costs some sacrifice of comfort and inclination and that there is something corresponding to the note of urgency during the war?
- (4) As a result of this discussion, have you any practical suggestions to make to further this first object of Toc H in your unit?

P.H.K. and A.K.B.

"WHEN AUTUMN FLAUNTETH"

AUGUST begins to put the shutters up on summer. By September the season in the country as well as by the sea, is almost over. One knows, of course, that the best days may linger on: there is St. Luke's little summer to come and he often brings excellent weather; the trees will not have changed too perceptibly until the end of September, when it is plain to the eye that autumn has begun to strip the year. There are in fact no great reasonable evidences why August, the month of holidays should bring shutters but she does.

The evidence is perhaps one of sensation and not of fact. All months, to me at least, have each a peculiar aura which is communicable. No two phenomena in nature are alike for that matter. Some however are analogous. But two only, so far as I am concerned, are so in a marked degree. April, and August is the other. It may be that my emotional nature which shares with others the character of a sensitive disc upon which to record impressions, is more susceptible to the 'genius' of these two months. In the first place, climatically they are interludes in the year. April stands definitely apart from winter and summer: August between summer and Autumn. For the rest, the seasons seem to evolve or emerge. In the second place, metaphorically, to be sure, April opens the account of summer of which

The July noon

When every creature craves its boon.

is the wealth, and August, who banks the harvest, produces the interest or as the weather directs, puts R.D. to the balance. In any case closes it. It is not strange, therefore, that there should be stronger resemblances between them. The atmosphere of both is diaphanous; the days "stir vessel, life and limb," the evenings are misty with pink flushes, and the moon always a certain indicator of natural mood hangs; cold and sharp-featured in the stripling month, though mellow and cheese turned in the other.

Then again, August is more intense; of all months the most intense. Swinburne perceived this with poetic apprehension, (a

faculty neither logical nor rational) when he tabled the mistress's calendar of *Tristram of Lyonesse*.

A sunflower among small sphered flowers of stars,

The light of Cleopatra fills and burns

The hollow of heaven where ardent August yearns.

How right that is if one considers it! The 'light' is sultry: so was Cleopatra. There is something of that corporeal passion in August which defined the woman. It is not ideal but real, vital and present in all the power and persuasion of flesh. What other month could have been setting enough for the famous "barge she sat in like a burnished throne" to sail the secret Nile? This is no fancy: like Antony and his Queen, one cannot love August, one must be possessed by her. The month really lives to the senses, is close. At no other part of the year does the realness of nature find such personal definition and invade the consciousness.

To appreciate this fact, for fact it is for some of us, one must live in the country. The seaside will not quite do: yet who wants the seaside with its pier promenading, blue sky, blue bathing, the crowds, except in August? The eclectic only or the misanthrope. But the country is best. Not wild country, mountain or moorland; not that, but the tiny heart of all men's country, the Garden. Here the invasion we suggested is complete. Strangely enough for such a usually silent month, the invasion is unrestful. Paradoxically almost, because the quietude of the days is rather solemn. The silence folds over the trees and the flowers, clouds even, and certainly the birds; begins in the early morning as a warm shroud of unperceived water drops upon which the sun reflects like light on tiny bronze shields, until by noon the atmosphere is dunned into gold.

For hours in one garden I know the white common butterflies scramble away the afternoon over the purple Buddleia. The leisurely bee, more of a plutocrat, swings from flower to flower, stiff erect and still in their dry beds. The air is often palpably heavy; and the scent!

Nor summer's rose, nor garnered lavender,
But the few lingering scents
Of streaked pea, and gilly-flower, and stocks
Of courtly purple, and aromatic phlox.

This is certainly a time to be out of doors and active—but in a pottering sort of way. One cannot easily sleep in the thick warm air; to read with the feet up on the garden seat is impossible. If one tries it, one just sits and stifles. August, I almost believe, resents it and uses her own weapons on the conscience. There are too many intimations of activity going on behind the scenes. And that is the third characteristic of this month; its extreme busyness. Outwardly, the leaves, dusty and wrinkled, hang listlessly enough, the pears droop—dooze is almost the word; apples stare like tired people waiting for something to happen. Out of sight among the thick branches the liquid chatter of the starlings trickles down incessantly into the ear. In the face of it, the man is strong-willed or lazy beyond hope who refuses to find the shears and 'brish'—expressive phrase—the taggly hedges or rake together a bonfire of yesterday's clippings. Once, I remember, I went up among the starlings, a full parliament of them, to pick mulberries.

Now one thing I am sure we should not do on such an afternoon; and that is walk. That is an evening's exercise. It was God, we

know, who chose first to walk in the world "in the cool of the day." Evenings at any time of the year are impelling, but now they are significant. They give, more than any other feature, that sense of shutters. They are the crown of peace. They are without wings or motion. They grow. Light grows into long shadows, steals from the horizon to the housetops and shuts like a window on the daylight. It is almost a device. And the transition is a growth of one piece until the final scene is moonlight. As one walks across the fields and meadows one can hear the communication of unutterable things: if one stands hidden by the way, one may see the subtlest vision in nature, the velvet hunting of the owl. As one walks, the moon lowers from the sky; a lemon globe, which almost one might take down and handle, so close and intimate does she come, then slips finally through the black tangle of the boughs and goes out. The rest is darkness. The earth is left sleeping; waits; in her a precious secret for the sickleman. Such is August! Harvest and Shutter of the year.

And amid such wonders my friends often go tramping in foreign countries, searching for music, lager, distraction, life! Do they not know there is no *ennui* in England when "Autumn flaunteth in his bushy bowers"?

THE OPEN HUSTINGS

DEAR EDITOR,

We have been discussing what has of late been said as to the mind of Toc H.

Whilst realising that Toc H cannot sponsor this or that solution of any problem or support any particular policy, we feel that it should be, and is, possible for it to put before its members something of a rather more positive sort, without which it is so easy to be futilely "open-minded" with a total absence of any sense of urgency about things.

We who are writing this to you do not see eye to eye as to this sense of urgency, but both of the present writers, however, think with you and others that disciplined thought is essential.

We therefore suggest (though we realise its difficulties) that the JOURNAL should from

time to time have articles setting out as impartially as possible some statement of the history or origin of a problem, its facts and the different solutions which have been suggested, adding a list (annotated if possible) of books, and other literature dealing more fully with the subject.

Further, could not some attempt be made to give some kind of lead towards relating that problem to the Mind of Christ? We fully appreciate that different people will relate it in different ways but we do need to be continually reminded that without the attempt so to relate it, our thought will in the long run be of little value and our so-called solutions of little avail.

Yours sincerely,

Two PILOTS.

CENTRAL COUNCIL ELECTIONS

MEMBERS of Branches and Groups are being asked at this time to nominate and elect members to serve on the Central Council of Toc H which will hold office for the two years 1936-38. The Council, in which is vested "the supreme control over the affairs of the Corporation and the Association," consists of the following members: (i) Councillors *ex-officio* (three Presidents, six Vice-Presidents, the Trustees, Founder Padre, Administrative Padre, Administrator, Hon. Treasurer); (ii) additional Councillors *ex-officio* (any members of the Central Executive who are not otherwise on the Council at the time of meeting); (iii) not more than one hundred *elected* Councillors. Six years having elapsed since the JOURNAL published a full reference to this subject (March, 1930, pages 99-100), the time seems opportune to repeat this explanation of the way in which the hundred Councillors are elected.

When a society grows as fast as Toc H has done, its rules need to be overhauled from time to time. In 1930 Toc H had outgrown the rules which until then had served for the election of Central Councillors. So, for reasons clearly explained by Peter Monie at the time, the rules were revised, approved by the Central Executive and passed by the Central Council itself. They were felt to be both sound and fair; the ideas behind them were simple and the attempt to give effect to them was made in as simple a way as possible. Where the rules and the reasons for them have been understood, they have worked well. They affect many people and, if the subject seems dull, it really does matter that the Central Councilors should be elected as well as possible.

There was a time when the number of units in Toc H was such that many Branches could have a Councillor of their own and Groups were few and not expected to remain Groups for long. To-day, when the number of home Branches is approaching five hundred, several have to be "linked" for voting in the Council, and as time goes on more and

more Branches will have to be linked to form constituencies for electing Councillors. Similarly Groups, formerly having, as Groups, no share of their own in the Council, tend to remain "the probationary units" of Toc H for some years before attaining Branch status and now the many hundreds of them are linked for purposes of electing representative Councillors. Peter Monie wrote in 1930: "I think the Groups are entitled to a share of their own in the Central Council, though it cannot be a large share, as under the Charter the overwhelming majority of the Council must be elected by regular Branches which have won, and kept, their Lamps."

Of the 100 seats to be filled by election, 85 belong to the regular *Branches*. Most of the constituencies contain five or more Branches and the Central Executive, who are responsible under the Byelaws, make an allotment of each seat to the Branches in one District or in two or more adjacent Districts. Of the remaining 15 seats, 14 are allotted to *Groups*, each constituency in this case being all the Groups in one or more Areas, arranged as evenly as possible according to numerical and geographical conditions.

There remains one seat to be filled by the election of a Councillor by *General members*, other than those who are members of Groups. The method at each election is for the Central and Area Executives in turn, the order to be determined by lot, to nominate a candidate whose name is announced in the JOURNAL. Any 25 members of the General Branches (other than Group members) may nominate another candidate or candidates within thirty days. If only one candidate is nominated, he is declared elected; otherwise voting papers would be issued to all General members entitled to vote. (The candidates nominated and elected under this rule have been: 1930—E.C. Stuart, East and West Suffolk District Chairman, nominated by the Eastern Area Executive; 1932—Barclay Baron, nominated by the Western Area Executive; 1934—Peter Monie, nominated by the Scottish Area Executive). If it is thought that to give General

members only one seat is to give them too little, it should be remembered that a number of General members become Councillors through holding certain offices or being elected to the Central Executive, and that General members may be nominated as candidates by any Branch or Group.

The Election of Councillors by Branches is carried out in four stages, the ideas behind the rules being, first, that Branches should vote as "families," each Branch having the same voting strength, and, second, that the man who ought to be elected is the man whom most of the families in the constituency want.

Stage 1.—Each Branch in the constituency may nominate one candidate. It may nominate any member of Toc H (not a probationer), to whatever Branch or Group or General Branch he may belong. The Branch reports his name to the Area Secretary, who is the "returning officer." (If there is only one Branch in the constituency or if only one candidate is nominated, the returning officer declares that member a Councillor and the matter is ended. In other cases we go on to Stage 2).

Stage 2.—The returning officer makes up lists of all the candidates for each constituency and sends a copy to each Branch concerned, calling on them to arrange the candidates in order of their preference, showing their "first choice," "second choice," and so on.

Stage 3.—The Branch votes on the list till it has arranged all the candidates in order of its choice, and the Branch officers report the result to the returning officer.

Stage 4.—The returning officer puts all the reports before the Area or Divisional Elections Committee, which declares the result, after giving marks to the candidates according to the choices of the Branches. For a first choice a man gets as many marks as there are candidates, for a second choice one less, for a third choice two less, and so on. The practical result is that the man who has the biggest share of the highest places in the Branch voting-lists is elected.

In the event of all the candidates scoring equal marks, the District Committee is called upon to decide who is to be elected. If two

or more candidates (but not all on the list) score equal marks, the Branches vote again, only about those who tied. If there is a second tie on this voting, the District Committee decides who is to be elected.

The Election of Councillors by Groups is conducted in the same manner as for Branches, except that in Stage 3, if more than five candidates are nominated, Groups are asked to arrange only that number in order of choice. If there is a tie, the case is submitted to the Area and/or Divisional Executives concerned.

As occasionally it happens that not all the candidates are known to the Branches or Groups called upon to vote, it is permissible to mark any candidate "NK" if the members do not wish to vote for him because he is "not known." To candidates so marked there will be assigned the value representing the *average* of the votes the units would have given them if they had felt able to vote. Example: In a Groups' constituency, there are six candidates. Group X arranges three in order of choice, first, second and third. Not knowing the other three, the Group marks two of them "NK" (five being the number required to be voted upon). These two, being bracketed fourth and fifth in order, would each score half the marks available, i.e., two and one, making $1\frac{1}{2}$ each.

In all this there is intended to be absolute freedom in nominating candidates and the fairest means of selecting the best men by popular vote. In practice there are often the one or two outstanding candidates obviously fitted for the post of Councillor, so that the manner of election is usually quite simple and straightforward. To quote "Rules of the Road"—"These men go to the Council not as delegates, but as representatives; and to do their work properly they must not be parochially-minded, thinking in terms of 'what we do in our Branch,' but must be full of vision, full of the spirit of adventure based on much serious thought, ready to deliberate on great matters of policy, not for the Branch, nor for the District, nor even for Britain, but for the development of Toc H in the world and its greater usefulness for Christ."

When the Charter was prepared, the eventual extent of Toc H overseas could not be foreseen, but provision was made for the Central Council to co-opt at any meeting any officer of a Branch of the Association outside Great Britain and Ireland who might be able to attend. So, although owing to distance there can be on the Council no regular representation of the overseas parts of the family,

there have been invited to and welcomed at every meeting in recent years numbers of members who have been able to voice the opinions of members in distant parts of the world.

The next Annual Meeting of the Central Council will be held at 42, Trinity Square, London, E.C.3, at 2 for 2.30 p.m., on Saturday, April 17, 1937.

R. R. C.

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

From the Lakeland Area

MOST people who have a care for Lakeland are concerned about its scenery. If you are that sort of person, turn to another page. If you are interested in the people of this part and their problems, in addition perhaps to being interested in the occasional accidents on Helvellyn and Scawfell as well as in the attempts to blotch your valleys and hills with trees and to drive motor roads over your mountains, then read on.

Every summer Lakeland is yours, and we help to make it so. We know some people think it belongs to them, but the increase of youth hostels and camps and other guest-houses is decreasing the number of people who have a special reason for thinking this. We realise we are a necessary part of industrial Lancashire and Yorkshire, as B--kp--l is. This means that for at least three months in the year we have to put aside real things and spend our time looking after your wants. We have also our hay to make and our corn to cut when the sun shines. We know villages which are entirely disorganised by your coming: and more, they are being spoilt by it. We are not now concerned about the notices and hoardings we put up to attract you, nor about the litter, but about the changes in the morality of our people. We find it increasingly difficult to adjust ourselves to real values when you've gone: when you come to us, some of you, we believe firmly, put behind you everything you live by. You let us think your head god is—Well, what do you think of when you're on holiday?

When you've gone it is difficult for us not to accept your values when so many of you have been with us for three months. You are changing our people, and making life difficult for them. You confront Churches and Toc H and kindred movements with new problems.

We are not complaining: we know enough from our own industrial centres how necessary it is to get away even if it is only an escape. We don't mind you using ourselves and the hills and the valleys, but we do want you to feel that we are an integral part of your country, that we are not fighting our battles alone, that they are your battles too. We here are doing our utmost to keep your country unspoiled. We want your interest in us to be a real and abiding one, if only because your and our problems are the same; they are one and indivisible. We feel cold and isolated sometimes; strong life of our own as we may have, we seem to be out of things on the west of A6 or the Euston—Carlisle line. We are up to date enough to have a Special Area though, which is often forgotten.

We felt we had to say that.

Like every Area, we have been having trouble with the Staff (we become an Area in May this year—that's news for you. And we're having a rally, to tell ourselves about it on September 26). But I forget the Staff. We lost our Area Secretary because he stayed in Liverpool when the Area was proclaimed and we have a fellow called Mycroft among other things, as Secretary. But we shall miss the

Padre—Arthur Howard—even those who like him not. He is a man, and he is very near to some of us, little as we could see of him when he came up for his monthly week. He has shown us a vision which will not easily fade. We wonder whether the practice of offering human sacrifices to propitiate the Scots is a barbarous one, Spanish customs though such things are.

The Area Executive has been considering the problems of this Area with its coastal strip of industrialism and special area, its central bloc of hills and its market towns on the main route north and south.

The country villages with their peculiar problems of relationships have brought out the need for the thing for which Toc H stands. That is only the beginning when we realise it. Villages are not easily convinced of it. The villages have an experience to give to the towns: they have a strength and a reality: if you live in a village you have a respect for personality, or you fail to do anything. One of our village groups has found that empty cottages which would be the homes of newly married couples have all been let to visitors and that in consequence farm workers cannot get houses in which to settle down. If they can move local public opinion about this it will prove a valuable piece of service. Our main problem is to be able to give the practical men of villages jobs which are practical, which need doing and which will draw them out and hold them together long enough for the barriers to be breached. We know a lot about one another in villages before we join Toc H.

In all the instability of a Special Area, the constant movement away of people with its selective tendency, it is very encouraging to find a Lamp has been bestowed on *Whitehaven* Branch. Their leadership is strong and varied and we wish them much joy and peace in their work. The communities in West

Cumberland need all the encouragement that Toc H and everyone else can give them. Despair is the devil's holiday.

Furness, another hard hit district, has a Lamp too at *Dalton*, and *Barrow* has renewed its application for Branch Status. Here unemployment has hit the district hard and now that the bad times are going many people have a tendency to throw away all that they held on to so fiercely. Any movement which can hold men in these circumstances is doing a real job of work. The Groups at *Millom* and *Kirkby* in Furness have both been through the fire and come out finely tempered.

Carlisle Branch are experimenting in the housing estates erected by the Corporation. In *Currock* where there is already a community house five local members have been detached to start a "grope" through which it may be possible ultimately to assist the general activities of the house. In *Raffles*, where there is one large public hall and no possibility of headquarters, a few members are similarly trying to take their part in activities through the only organisation—the allotment society. In the *Long Sowerby* district a Boys' Club has been started. What these beginnings may lead to we do not know, but they are already having a quickening effect upon the life of the Branch. It is interesting that these moves have come partly as a result of the "discovery" of the problem of juvenile delinquency on the housing estates.

Kendal Branch is facing the responsibility that it incurred by starting Groups round about it in *Westmorland*. Some of these are not having an easy struggle to keep their heads above water. One night each month is being set aside by the parent to hear a speaker on current problems and their effect on us, e.g. the Spanish Rebellion, the place of the Church in politics.

H. W. M.

Contributions must reach the Editor not later than the Tenth of the month previous to issue.
